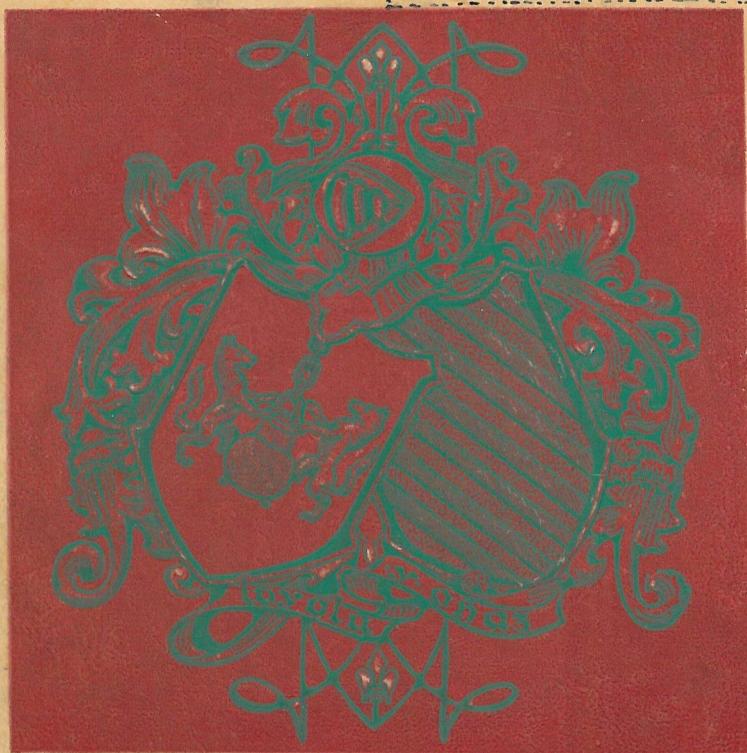
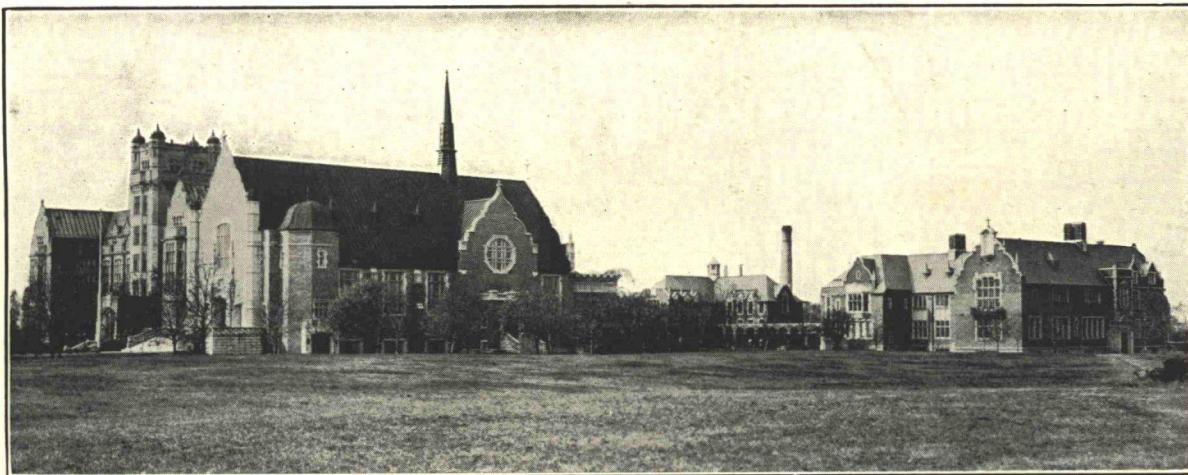


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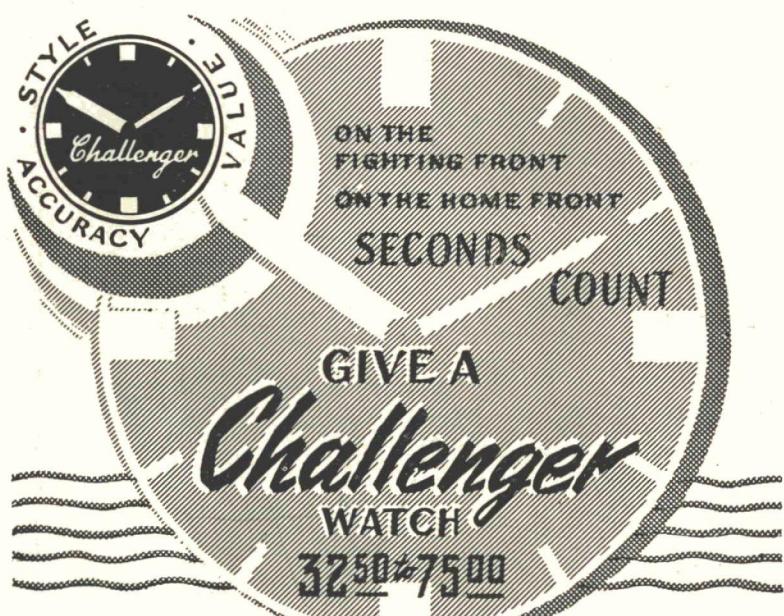
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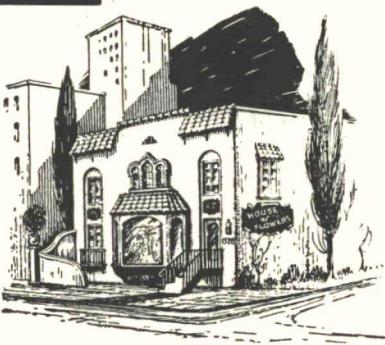
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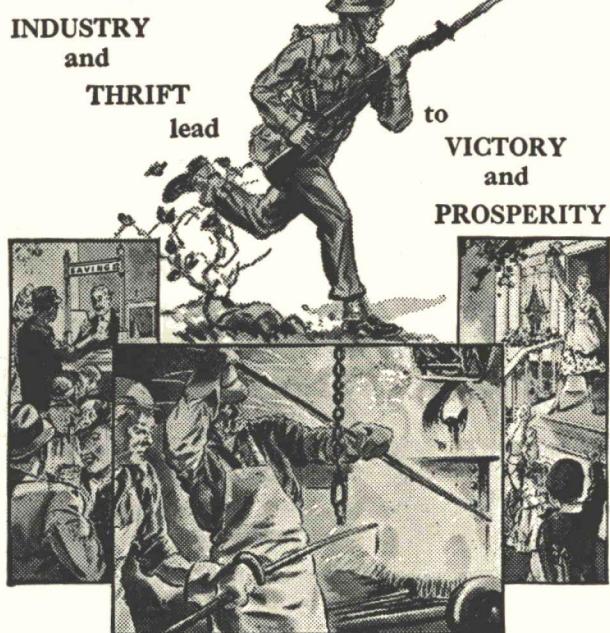
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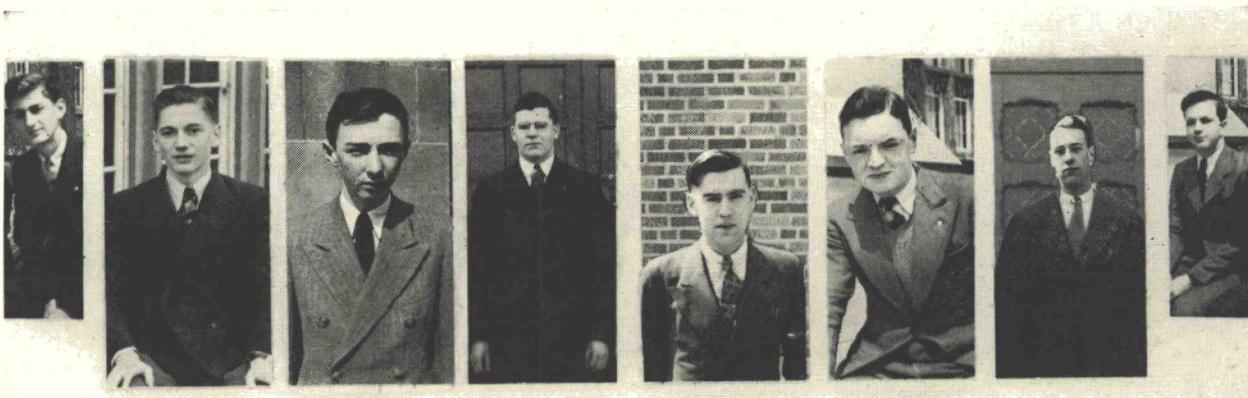
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1943

MONTREAL, CANADA

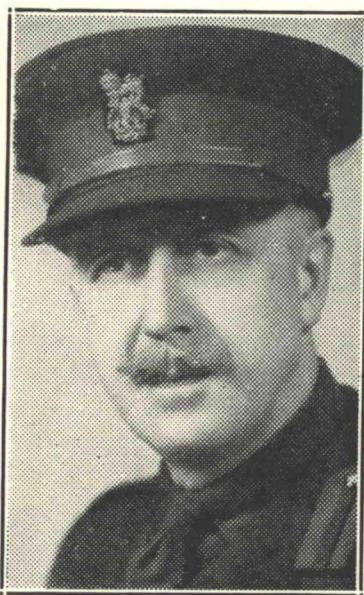
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From left to right:

Maj.-Gen. Georges Vanier, '06
Canada's first minister to the Free
Governments of Nazi-oppressed Euro-
pean countries

Hon. Chas. G. Power, '07
Minister of National Defence for Air

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1943

MONTREAL, CANADA

No. 29

EDITORIAL

Lieut.-Col. Thomas Guérin

Lieut.-Col. Thomas Guérin has been appointed Commanding Officer of the Loyola College Contingent C.O.T.C. We congratulate him, and assure him that he has our most heartfelt welcome.

Our new O.C. comes to us with exceptionally fine qualifications. In addition to his military experience he has an enviable record in other fields of activity, and holds the responsible office of representative at Quebec for St. Ann's Division.

We have an added reason for pride, basking as it were, in the light of a second honor he reflects upon us, for in Lieutenant-Colonel Guérin's appointment Loyola has seen one of her fondest ambitions realized. We now have as Commanding Officer an old Loyola boy—a graduate of the class of '07. We have a man who knows Loyola, who understands Loyola, above all, who loves Loyola.

We may feel sure that our O.C. is interested in each one of us personally, and it is consoling to think that we have a Commanding Officer whose sole concern is our welfare. In these troubled days it is a blessing for us to have been sent a man of such mature and reliable judgment.

What Are We Fighting For?

In this, the fourth year of war, when the Axis tide has begun at last to ebb, we of the United Nations find ourselves still without definite, clearly stated aims in this bloody struggle.

Parlor patriots will immediately rise to the defence of our political leaders, flourishing the Atlantic Charter. But the Atlantic Charter is a list of generalities, containing in vague language the post-war wishes of what has come to be known as the Anglo-Saxon world. It ignores many phases of the post-war problem, such as the status of China and India in the new world arrangement. It has not been completely or unconditionally ratified by all the United Nations. Indeed, the stated aims of some of our United Nations directly contradict the Articles of the Atlantic Charter, especially the openly declared territorial designs of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.



Recent surveys in the United States, the results of which may be taken as a fair indication of public reaction in the whole English-speaking world, showed that a miserably small percentage of the populace were conversant with the Articles of the Atlantic Charter. American soldiers questioned in North Africa were found to be giving little thought to the building of a new world after the war.

We cannot but lament this state of affairs, for we must avoid at all costs a recurrence of the confusion which followed 1918, and which proved a fertile field for the seeds of the present world conflict. Our leaders must have the courage to state plainly, clearly, and in concrete terms what kind of international world order we intend to establish after our victory. Failure to do so is a confession of inadequacy in the righteousness of our cause.

Spring—1943

*Now generals talk of campaigns lost and won,
Of battles to be fought. They speak of men
As if of flies. "Two million here", and then
Perchance they'll die in webs weaved by the Hun.
And all the while the happy, smiling sun
Makes soldiers dream of home, and when
As youths on golden days they ran o'er fen.
But now they march until the job is done.
Montgomery sweeps the western desert clean
Of German tanks and men. In Russia stench
And mud, like parting hands, stay armies' might;
And Europe starving waits, restless and keen.
Rest still, my soul, no longer tug and wrench;
Soon I will heed thy call to the great fight.*

PATRICK DEVAUX, '45.

Spring Uprising

*Do you hear the call of Spring?
Flocks of birds upon the wing?
Flowers pushing from the ground
In triumph and in glory bound?
Snow that melts on mountains high,
Bent to quench the streams so dry?
Who is willing to help out
Nature's swelling, gaudy rout?*

TOM SULLIVAN, H.S. '45.

NAVAL POWERS OF THE WORLD

By RICHARD BLANCHFIELD, '44

THE deadly conflict in which we are now engaged is being waged on land, in the air, and at sea, everywhere in the world. The naval engagements which this struggle has produced have been embraced in two main theatres; the European, where Britain's ageless fleet guards the lifelines of democracy against the inroads of sea forces of Germany and Italy; and the Pacific, where the navies of Imperial Japan and the United States of America are locked in mortal combat.

It is the battle-covered flotillas of Great Britain which bear the brunt of naval war in the Atlantic and Mediterranean against the combined might of Germany and Italy. At the head of the British forces sail the mighty ships of the line, from the old "Royal Sovereign" and "Revenge" to the new 40,000-ton giants "Lion" and "Temeraire". Amongst her seventeen dreadnaughts Britain numbers tried and true ships such as the "Valiant", "Warspite", and "Malaya", and modern floating fortresses such as the 33,900-ton sister ships "Nelson" and "Rodney", the four remaining ships of the "King George V" class, and the latest additions, "Lion" and "Temeraire".

In ships of the line in the Atlantic the Axis is far inferior; the main threat, the "Admiral von Tirpitz", supposedly of 37,500 tons, but of much greater tonnage and possessing high speed and heavy armament, is confined to the fjords of Norway by the superior numbers and eternal vigilance of her foes. Supplementing her are two "pocket" battleships and the badly - mauled battle cruisers "Scharnhorst" and "Gneisenau".

Despite the appearance of the new German "Graf Zeppelin" and "Deutschland", Britain has the field to herself in carriers, but she has found comparatively little use for them in the waters of Europe, close to land-based aircraft. Their greatest achievement was the crippling of the Bismarck by planes from the much-sunk "Ark Royal" and the "Victorious", two of Britain's seven large carriers. Britannia truly rules the waves in the cruiser class. Her sixty cruisers range far and wide protecting the world-wide shipping of the Empire. Against this mighty cruiser fleet Hitler can pit but seven sea-rangers of his own; and beside the destroyer flotillas of England the German destroyer force is insignificant.

The real threat is the German "Unter see boot" or "U-boat". This weapon of the Axis has sunk a terrifying tonnage of Allied merchant shipping and has threatened to cripple seriously the war effort of the Allied nations by striking at their vulnerable lines of supply. To counter this threat, an ever-increasing emphasis has been placed upon convoys and convoy escort craft. In this field, Canada has distinguished herself. Besides building scores of corvettes and other small escort ships she has expanded her "sheep-dog navy" from fifteen to over four hundred ships and has taken over fully one-third of the convoy escort tasks in the North Atlantic. This is truly an

amazing feat when we compare the pre-war navies of Canada and Great Britain and their relative ship-building capacities. The struggle has been ferocious, and still hangs in the balance, though the scales have begun to tip ever so slightly in our favor.

Isolated on the other side of the fortress of Gibraltar lie the ships of the Royal Italian Navy, holed up in Cagliari, Spezia, Naples, Taranto, and Brindisi. The history of Italy's paper navy resembles that of the youngster's paper bag; blown up to such colossal proportions that Mussolini called the blue inland sea "mare nostrum", it emitted a loud bang under the blows of Taranto and Cape Matapan and suffered subsequent deflation. Despite its heavy losses the Italian Navy constitutes a formidable force on paper with five battleships, two of the new "Littono" class, 12 cruisers, the fastest—of necessity—in the world, and several destroyers, submarines and lesser craft. But the unknown quantity is the morale of its crews, who have already shown themselves poor battle-sailors.

The once mighty fleet of France has been dispersed about the world and has suffered the scuttling of its main strength in Toulon harbor. In 1939 it numbered nine battleships, 18 cruisers and about 70 destroyers, including "Le Terrible", the world's fastest, and a large undersea fleet. The huge new battlewagons, "Clemenceau" and "Gascogne", on the ways at Brest, were said to have been dynamited in June 1940, and whether the tale be true or false, the invaders have been unable to put them to their use.

An hemisphere away the conflict rages between the navies of Japan and the United States. The greatest surface naval strength of the Axis here has full play. Here, too, the aircraft carrier has come into its own as a weapon of attack in the battles of the Coral Sea, Midway, and the Solomon Islands. Since the disastrous crippling of eight capital ships and numerous auxiliaries at Pearl Harbor the U. S. has commissioned four new 35,000-ton dreadnaughts, and launched the first two of her coming fleet of 45,000-ton giants, the "Iowa" and "New Jersey". She now out-numbers the Japanese in capital ships by a margin of 19 to 12, of which 12, five are new ships of 40,000 tons, the "Nissin" and "Takamatic" being at present in action. However, some of America's battleship strength is on duty in the Atlantic and so cannot be brought to bear on Japan. Japan, on the other hand, which entered the war with a preponderance in carriers, has tumbled to second place in this category with the American launching of four large carriers of the "Essex" class, and five smaller carriers converted from 10,000-ton cruisers, and the conversion of many merchantmen to plane carrying duty.

The cruiser strength of the Imperial Japanese Navy, which stood at 42 on the day of Pearl Harbor, and which since has been completely obliterated by over-enthusiastic American reporters, has been at least seriously depleted. Cruisers flaunting the Stars and Stripes numbered 44 on the same date, and although eight of that 44 have been lost, and at least six seriously damaged, new launchings and destruction of enemy vessels have given them the upper hand over their enemy counterparts. In destroyers and smaller craft Japan suffered severely in her Indies conquests, and in these categories American shipbuilding has far outstripped Japan.

Any general review of the naval situation is indeed encouraging, but we must not blind ourselves to the fact that we must now turn to the offensive and suffer the losses such a move entails, nor overlook the fact that the enemy seeks to cripple us by striking not at our navies, but at our merchant shipping. Canada has taken, and will continue to take, a full share in the task of protecting the everyday heroes of our merchant marine. It is a task truly worthy of her proud traditions of valor and constancy in the face of any odds, and a brave portent of a still more glorious future.

A TRIP TO VANCOUVER, 1843-1943

By EDWARD McINERNEY

IN the year 1843 Montreal was not the thriving city we know it to be today. It was hardly much more than a collection of huts on the side of Mount Royal. Now let us see what a trip to Vancouver was like in that year. Travelling in those days was work. We leave Montreal on a beautiful Spring morning in a train consisting of ten wagons. You had better be friendly with your neighbors, because for the next three months you are going to see them often and them alone. It may happen that they will be the last human beings that you will ever see.

We have travelled all day, leaving the few farms behind, pushing on through the wilderness, across the St. Lawrence and up the Ottawa River. In those days the rugged beauty of the Ottawa River meant only pain, hardships and sometimes even death. We make camp at sundown. Tired? You will soon get over that, and you had better go easy on the food; remember we have women and children with us.

What time is it? Why it is five o'clock in the morning and we must get an early start. You know, after breakfast we break camp and trudge on. The hours turn into days, the days into weeks. Will it never end?

What is that you see in the distance? It is the Rocky Mountains. We meet the hardest part of our trip there. An awful thought you say. Well it will be better than the last three weeks of the journey with the prairie stretching out in front of you, in back of you, on every side of you: Everywhere!

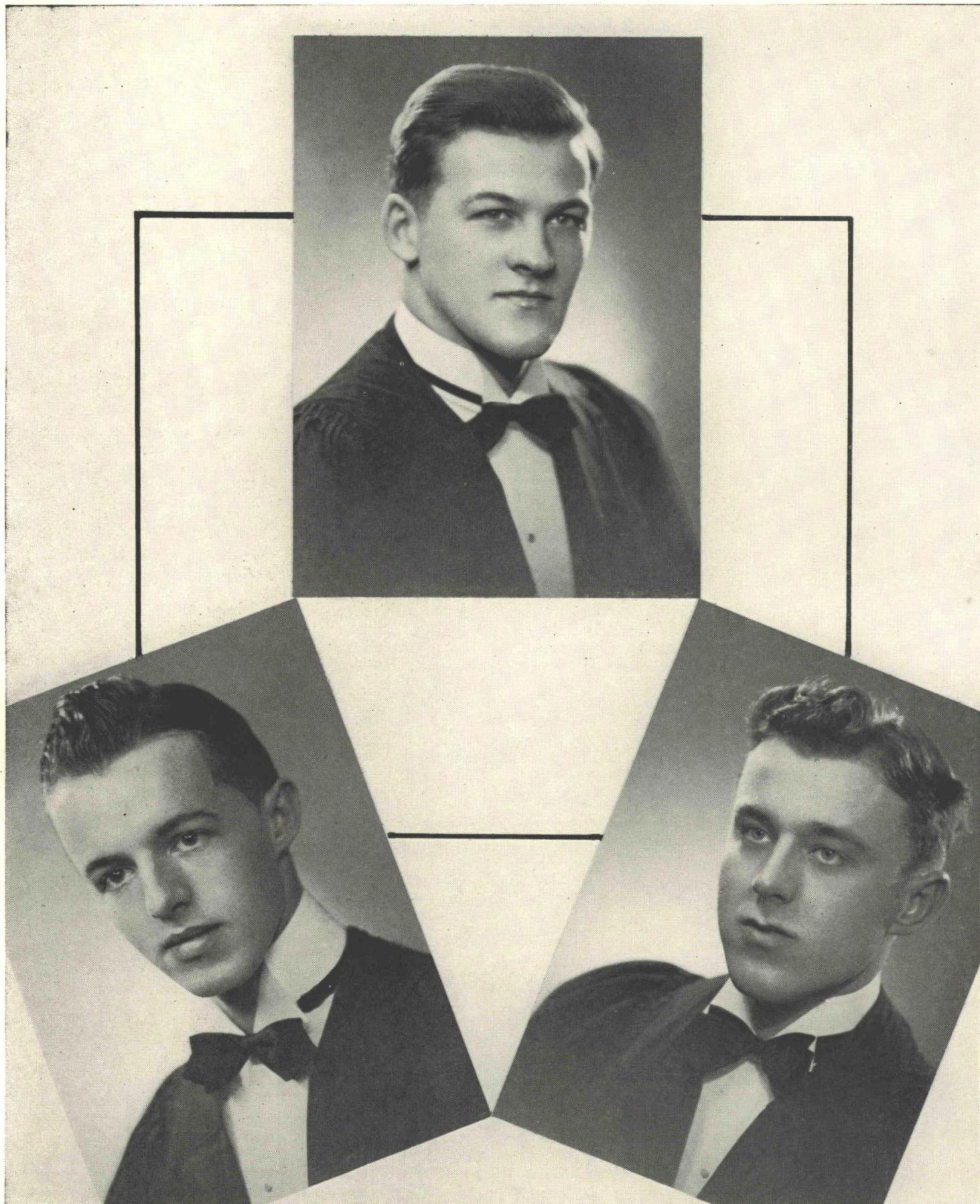
Remember back in Montreal I told you that death might overtake you. Now you know what I meant. Those Indian raids leave us only seven wagons, and lucky we are to have even them, and that arrow wound in your arm is painful, isn't it?

Well at last we are in the foothills of the Rockies. No roads here, the wagons are dismantled and packed on those extra horses. It is getting cold now. Even in Summer, Kicking Horse Pass retains its Winter cloak. Keep your chin up. Only one more week and we will be in Vancouver. That hardtack isn't so good, but it keeps life in you, which reminds me we are running low on hardtack.

Well there it is! Where you say? Why those tiny huts huddled around the wharf. That was Vancouver in 1843. Three months of pain, sorrow, bloodshed and tears, but we have made it. The end of a slow, tedious, hazardous journey.

Let us now travel back to our present day. The year 1943. Montreal is now the largest city in Canada, a rich beautiful metropolis. We step into Windsor Station, buy a ticket to Dorval and board our train. What changes have taken place in the last hundred years! We board our sleek T.C.A. plane at Dorval and glide gently into the fresh morning air. Settle back for you are going to be in that seat for eight hours.

The Ottawa is now a river of beauty, as are the few trees on its banks that remain uncut. Look below at the Laurentians; now we fly over that limitless prairie country in a few fleeting hours; now the Rockies and their majestic peaks, which no longer hold death, cold and pain, roll away beneath us. Then in an hour we are landing at Vancouver Municipal Airport. As we drive to the hotel in our taxi, we see the gem of the Pacific; a truly beautiful city. Different from our last visit, isn't it? This is what Canadian heroes have won from nature; a good job well done. But think of 2043? What will the improvements be then?



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Vice-President

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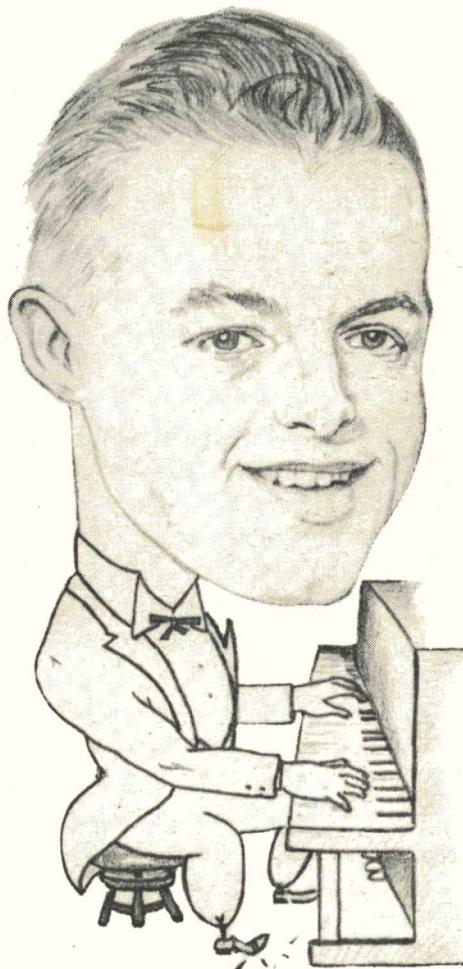


Robert Brodrick

To be quite hackneyed about it, words fail us when it comes to summing up Big Bob . . . for here, if ever, is Friedrich Nietzsche's Uebermensch, the blond Superman or Philosopher come to life. Try to cram into one person a winning personality, a marked athletic ability which enabled him to draw a quite fantastic sum of money from a local hockey team, cleverness and a prodigious memory which kept him among the Honor students since he came to Loyola eight years ago and were instrumental in moving him through the pre-Med course here besides special courses at McGill (at which institution he intends to continue in Med next year)—all this while acting as President of both the L.C.A.A. and of the Student Council . . . and you are liable to get something out of this world. And yet our President is one of the most natural people we know. We have no hesitation in saying he is one of the most popular as well as one of the most talented (he plays piano and sax on top of everything) students ever to come to Loyola, and, if ever there was one, a true Loyola man.

Frank Monahan

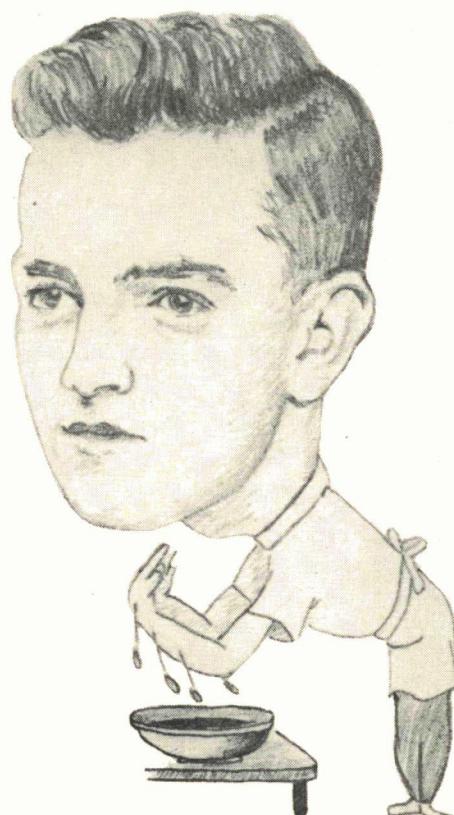
is one of the more colorful and popular members of the Class of '43. Vice-President, Editor of the News, Organist-in-chief at the College, and with a magnificent talent at the piano, a talent which he has already begun to use professionally, he is nevertheless modesty itself. Since his first year here, for he is another of the old guard, he has been extremely active in everything concerning Loyola, and Frankie's name and presence has caused more than one activity to emerge from the mediocre. In spite of his absorption in the difficult pre-Med course, he has decided of late that he'll continue into Law, and if general cleverness and a prodigious memory are any indication, will certainly prove successful.





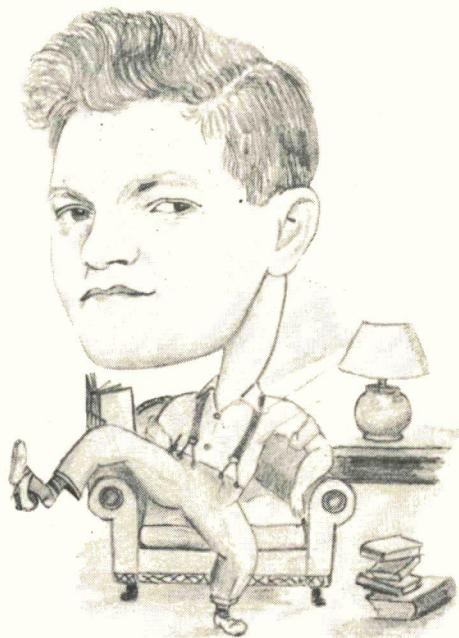
Jacques Beaudry

has only been with us since Junior, but in that short time, this representative of fair Sherbrooke has made a multitude of friends, both in and out of class. Quiet and unassuming and with a sense of humor he has been considerably enlightened during his stay here, especially so being Bob Joyce's roommate on the Flat, which is an experience in itself. Jacques plans to enter U. of M. next year and study Medicine, and if common sense, practicality, and a good grasp of the philosophy of life are any help will certainly be successful.



Desmond Polan

Another D'Arcy McGee grad and another pre-Med student . . . Des is, with the other two members of our Class Executive, very much liked and very diplomatic. An ability to get along with people is Des' strong point, combined with an ability, too, to keep up with his school work quite easily. During his four years here, Des has been active chiefly in Dramatics, of which he is president, intramural hockey, and practically every other activity to some degree. Possessing a rare charm, which is the envy of his classmates, Des has proved himself capable and likeable during his stay here, and with Bob Brodrick, is unofficially awarded the title "most likely to succeed" . . .

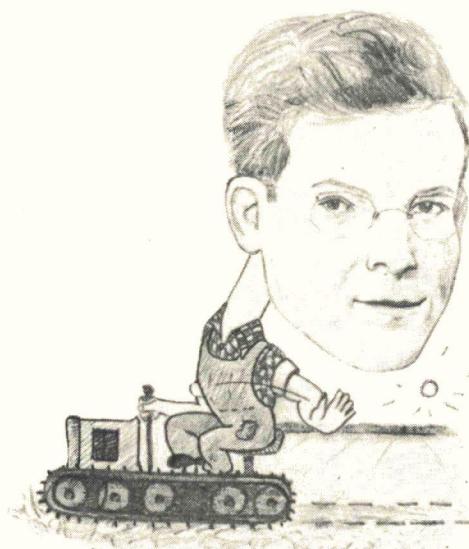


Jacques Benoit

is another representative of the French-Canadian race, as well as an alumnus of Brébeuf. Since joining us in Junior "Ben" has impressed us all with his deep-rooted and perpetual sense of humor, as well as with his deep-voiced renditions of the classics. His voice is something almost out of this world, being lower than a bassoon but pleasant to the ear nonetheless; he is as well a musician of some proficiency, his version of Rachmaninoff's Prelude being especially worthy of note because of its fire and vigor. Only the very best pianos can stand up to it. Versatile, he has been active in Class Hockey, and is said to have explored the remotest corners of French Literature, and is, in fact, something of a bookworm.

Marcel Bonneau

From Gravelbourg, Saskatchewan, comes Marcel "Sam" Bonneau. Sam joined us on our way back from the Harvest last Fall when his class at Campion College, Regina, suffered a dearth of pupils, and in less than a year is one of us, very popular and active in every doing of Senior Class or Loyola. For this former Prefect of Campion's Sodality has at all times proved himself a gentleman. Whether he continues in Law, concentrates on teaching, or branches off into business, his pleasing voice, fine command of language, and ability to think clearly will carry him far. Marcel was active in inter-class hockey, debating, and an invaluable aid on the staff of the Loyola News.



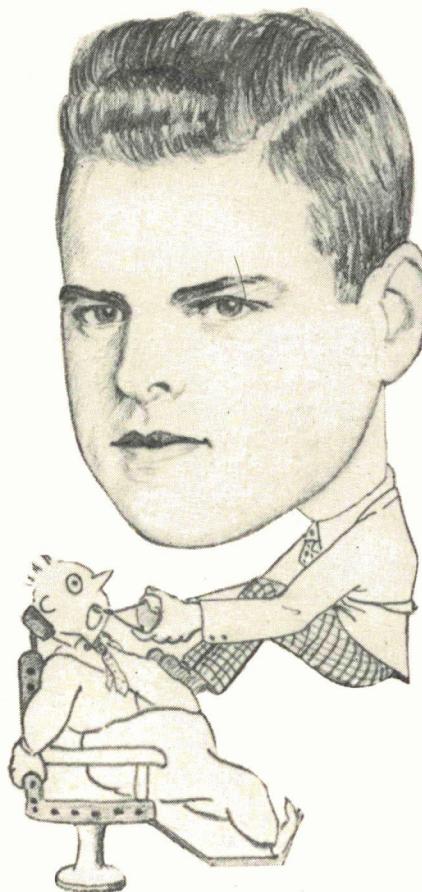
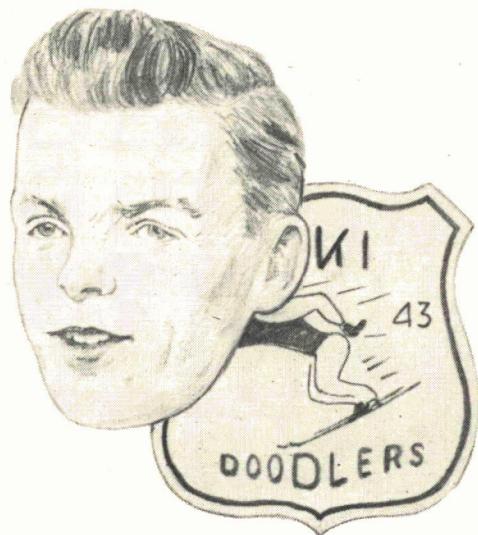


Herbert Caplan

is the Class of '43's leading military light. Adjutant of the C.O.T.C. he has been chiefly active in that direction and has done much good work for the Corps while in meting out justice to the cadets has shown fairness and for that is extremely popular. Herb can always be counted on to help out in any undertaking and his savoir-faire has eased many an enterprise of Senior Class to success. Level-headed, both feet on the ground, and similar qualifications best sum up this capable lad, and that plus an accommodating personality have contributed to making Herb, since he joined us in Sophomore, one of the best-liked members of the Class and of Loyola.

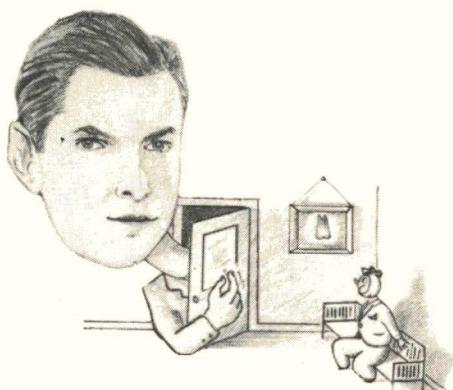
Christopher Gribbin

Steady is the word for Chris . . . for by his Lab partner ye shall know him. Steady, stolid and plugging and quiet to a fault are Chris' characteristics, but during his four-year stay at Loyola, coming from D'Arcy McGee, he has revealed many other sides to that character, and has impressed everyone with his ability to work things out by himself and to come to successful conclusions. A skier of note, active in the L.C.A.A. and in Class Hockey and a suave dancer he has made numerous friends among the students and elsewhere, and was one of the football coaches who helped Loyola teams make history during the last few years.



Henri Hébert

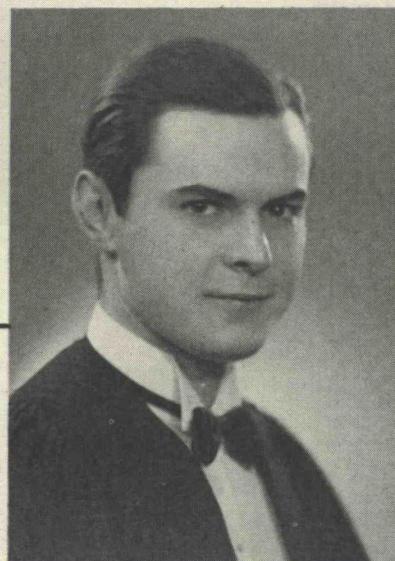
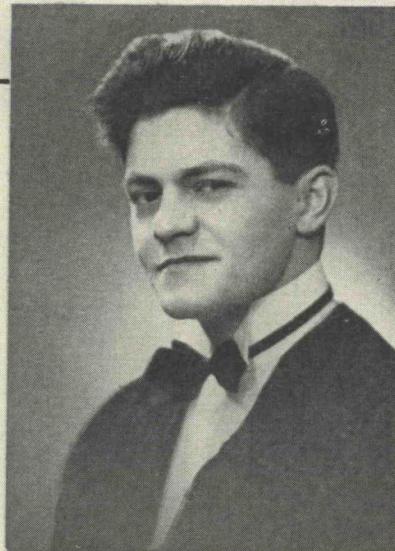
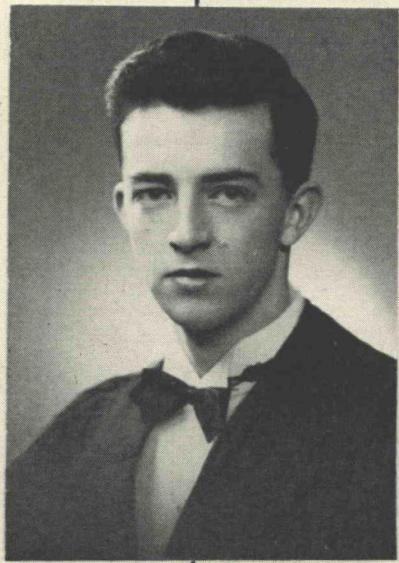
"Hank" is one of our hard-working pre-Med students, for whom Chemistry or Physics hold no terrors. With his inseparable slide-rule he successfully tackles every problem, and extending the metaphor, we venture the opinion that his hard-headed common sense will do likewise during life. Of the solid type, he is short, heavily-built, and not easily ruffled. His noted calmness, in fact, should prove a good bulwark for his chosen field, Dentistry. There probably never will be a tooth that will resist the persuasive charm of Henri.


Marcel Hébert

is another alumnus of Brébeuf College, and has nobly represented our French counterpart since he came to Loyola in Junior. He can usually be found delving into the modern sociologists and philosophers in the Library, and this interest in current problems he carries into his conversation with just a little prompting. Of a quiet and serious disposition, but with that fundamental French Canadian sense of humor underlying it, he intends to carry on the family tradition by studying Dentistry after graduation.


Robert Joyce

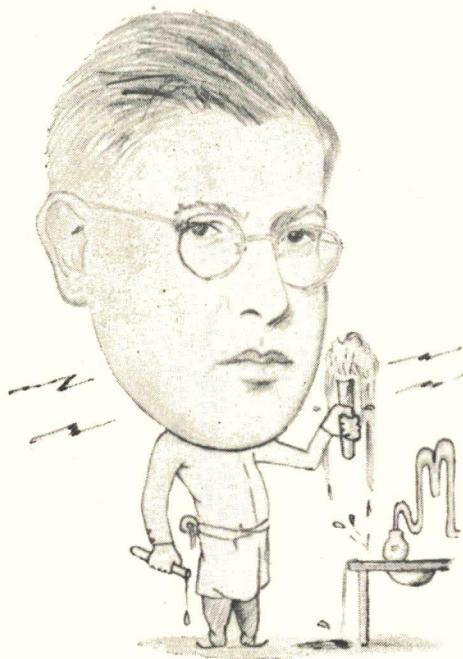
Bob is the Irish Free State's "good neighbor policy" personified, for he is a native of Eire, whose name he has caused to be pronounced correctly, in the first place, and whose name also he has spread and popularized and made understood. This he has done both by his personal example, for he is brilliant both as regards study and personality, and also by his marked ability as an orator. In this latter regard he was the chief instrument in bringing back to Loyola this year the Inter-University Debating League Trophy, after an absence of several years, as President of the LL.D.'s. Bob has made innumerable friends during his four-year stay here and whatever be his vocation, though Law seems the more likely, we rest assured that he will always prove a credit to Eire and to Loyola, for that is the kind of person he is.



Jacques Beaudry
Herbert Caplan

James Benoit
Christopher Gribbin
Marcel Hébert

Marcel Bonneau
Henri Hébert



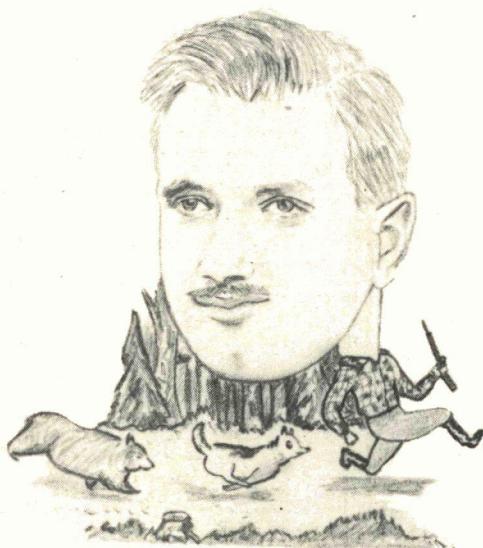
James Mell

during his seven years at Loyola has created something of a reputation for himself as one of the more seriously inclined students, and with a marked leaning to the spiritual side of life, manifested both in his interest in the College Sodality, of which he is Prefect, and in poetry, which is very good. He is not absolutely abstract by any matter of means, though, for his activity in other lines has been equally marked, being Editor of the Review, a frequent contributor both to News and Review, and with an enthusiastic and oftentimes vociferous interest and participation in intramural hockey. His starring efforts in the nets have been meat for many an argument in the Smoker. In its entirety we would say the matter of Jimmy can best be summed up in the one word "enthusiasm" . . . and that is the biggest fight finished and done with.

Guy Mantha

Since deserted last year by Dave Sutherland, Guy has constituted our one man Science Course. He is the sole member of the Class of '43 who earns his marks the hard way, wrestling with Calculus, Analyt, and the other bafflers. Coming to us in Junior Year from St. Mary's he has worked hard at Loyola. English and French are equally familiar to this man, and he'll argue any subject in either tongue. Ken upholds the family name in Class Hockey and is a faithful member of the College Orchestra. Something of an amateur artist, he has helped out in drawing signs and class designs. Ken is a decided extrovert for whom life holds no terrors, and should go ahead in whatever field he chooses.





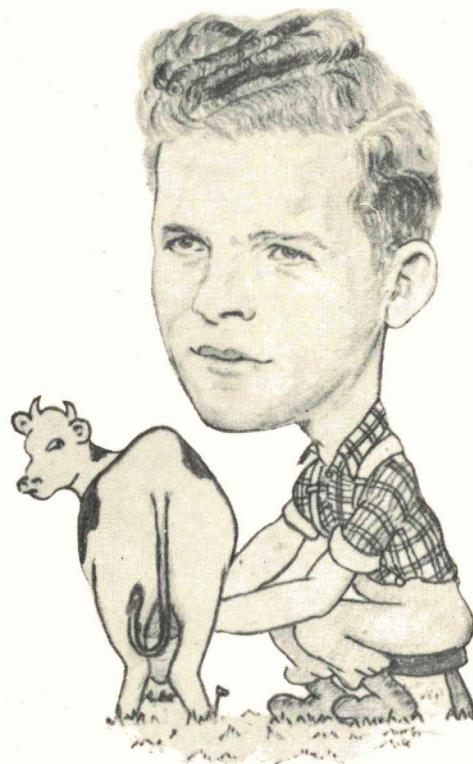
Gabriel Moro

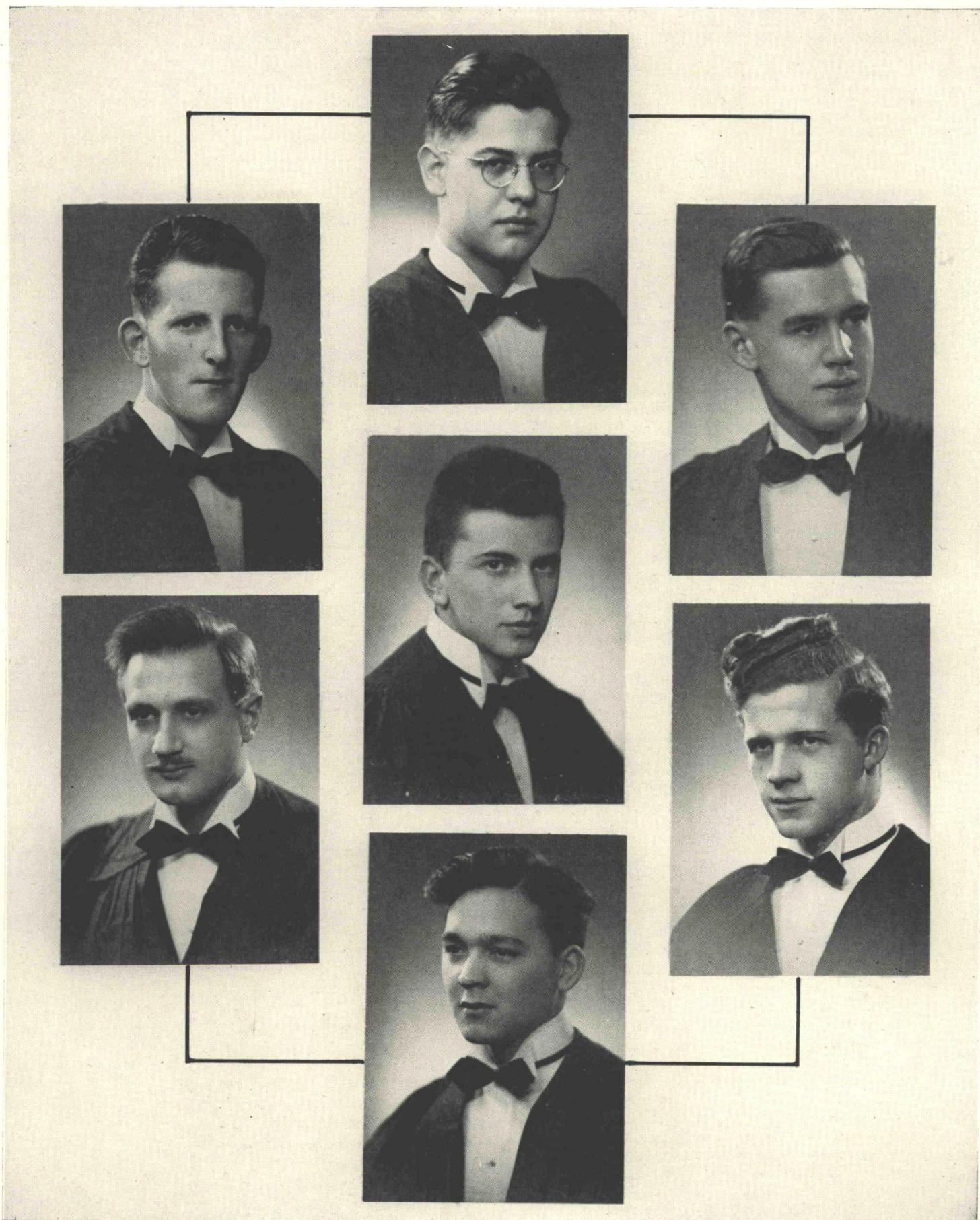
is another of the old guard who made the full course at Loyola. Belying his alias, "Gabby" has always been among those classified as quiet, and it has only been of late that we have really discovered that he has a sense of humor on a par with Benoit's. His idea of paradise is a week-end or more up North, lazing in the sun, or tramping the forest's ferny floor with his dog 'n' his gun. Polite and capable sum up Gabriel, and we have no doubts that he will acquit himself ably in combat with life's problems.



Russell McKeogh

Russ is another of the old-timers who came to Loyola eight years ago. Imaginative to a point, and of an artistic temperament, he has been associated quite frequently with Brodrick, Monahan, Polan and Gribbin in class and school activities, but has been most noted for his start in writing. His ambition in that direction is no secret, and besides contributions to the News and the Review, has had some short stories published. If Selective Service proves amenable to such a non-essential course, his enthusiasm in his chosen field will certainly pay him dividends . . . the positions of Secretary of the LL.D.'s and of the C.O.T.C. were right up his alley.





Robert Joyce
Gabriel Moro

Guy Mantha
Russell McKeogh
Earl Saylor

James Mell
Eugene Parent

Eugene Parent

Hailing from Sedley, Saskatchewan, "Doc" is the West's second contribution to Loyola, and in the short time he has been with us has endeared himself to us all. His quiet, thoughtful disposition assure us that he will achieve success, but what is more important, that he will do so by winning the esteem and confidence of all who make his acquaintance, as he has with us. Seldom does one meet a chap like Eugene, for never in our memory have we seen him in anything but the best of good humor, and if he is representative of Canada's West, we like it.

Earl Saylor

is another of the old guard. Starting at Loyola in '35, with the gift of a phenomenal memory he has managed to stay in the select section of Honor students. Of an artistic temperament, he likes to draw, is a fiend at dancing, and is top tenor in the Iroquois Mixed Choir. If you want Earl, just look around for Jimmy Mell, and vice versa, for they have become inseparable friends. Living away over in Caughnawaga has somewhat curtailed his activities, but Earl always shows up for the important things, and in that is a true Loyola man.



Heroism

*How do we judge a British hero's worth?
 Not by the lengthy line of captives bound
 Behind him, fastened to his saddle girth,
 Not by an empty rabble's grateful sound.
 But he who sees the thorny path of right,
 Who knows that nought but scourge and jeers await
 Against vast odds still fights the noble fight,
 In him we honour valour doubly great.
 The warriors who faced death with courage high
 In France and Belgium, Norway, Greece and Crete,
 Have shown with blood that Britons rather die
 Than fail the pledges that they vow to meet.
 When such men perish honour owes nought less,
 And valour is not measured by success.*

JAMES C. MELL, '43.



LOYOLA ALUMNI EXECUTIVE—Rev. Thomas Walsh, S.J., '23, Paul Demers, '29, Paul Bray, '29, Maj.-Gen. Georges Vanier, '06, guest, Rev. George Thoms, '32, Patrick Nolan, '29, Paul Noble, '29. Seated: Dr. Basil Cuddihy, '25, President.

SENIOR—Front row: F. Monahan, Vice-President, R. Brodrick, President, D. Polan, Secretary. 2nd row: J. Benoit, G. Mantha, H. Hébert, G. Moro. 3rd row: M. Bonneau, C. Gribbin, R. Joyce, J. Mell, H. Caplan. 4th row: R. McKeogh, J. Beaudry, E. Parent, M. Hébert.

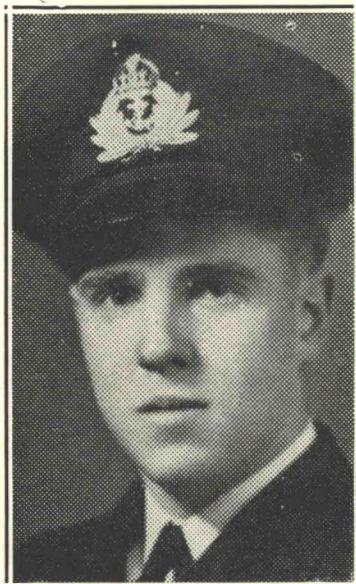
LOYOLA ALUMNI LADIES' AUXILIARY EXECUTIVE—Miss Eileen Gibbons, Honorary President, Miss Marguerite Beaudin, Honorary President, Miss Ruth Dann, Treasurer, Mrs. G. Hachey, Publicity Manager, Miss Marjorie Hamilton, President.



R.I.P.



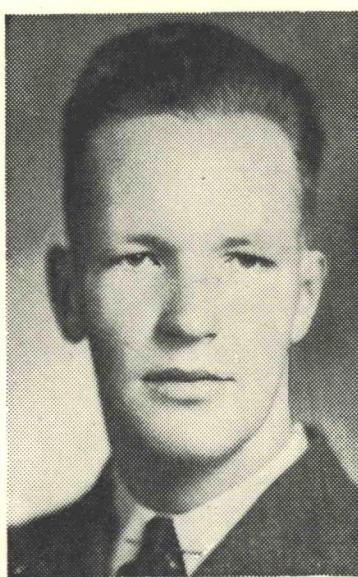
Capt. W. Roy Dillon, '18
Killed at Dieppe



Surg./Lt. Jacques de L. Bourgeois, '33
Killed at Oran, N.Africa



P/O. James R. Heslop, '41
Killed in action



Sgt/P. John P. Doyle, '40
Killed in action

CAPT. W. ROY DILLON

ALTHOUGH he was over forty, married and a father, Captain Roy Dillon left an important position with the Royal Trust Company to join the Fusiliers de Mont-Royal as a Lieutenant. There being no vacancy, he could not be taken overseas with the Regiment, but he refused offers of several staff positions in Canada and went overseas as Transport Officer of the 8th Infantry Brigade. Soon after his arrival in England, he relinquished this position to achieve his ambition of joining a front-line unit. He was with the Fusiliers and was declared missing at Dieppe; then later the sad report came that he had been killed.

The circumstances are not known but a letter of a friend said:

"The story of Roy Dillon was that when his company was held up by two heavy machine gun nests, he and a young kid each grabbed a Bren gun and went after the job of cleaning them up. As he dashed across the beach, he was hit and went down, but got up and went on again until he got some cover from where he kept one of the nests quiet. Then as he went after the other, he and the kid got hit again"

Roy Dillon gave up an assured future and refused offers of several easier jobs for what further sacrifices front line action might bring. We may be sure that his gallantry was carried through to the end. He had many of the characteristics and qualities of the two races from which he sprang. Many Canadians whose mother tongue was French and many Canadians who speak English will find a common meeting ground in their sorrow at the loss of a relative or friend and in their pride that one of them who loved life so well should be willing to die to make it worth living.

THE GAZETTE, January 28, 1943.

 * * *

SURG./LIEUT. JACQUES DE L. BOURGEOIS

SURGEON/LIEUT. JACQUES DE LORIMIER BOURGEOIS, after a brilliant university career, left to join the Royal Canadian Navy. Later he was transferred to the Royal Navy, where he was serving as medical officer on a British cruiser.

His short life—he was but 29—was brought to a sudden close during the invasion of North Africa. At the time he was serving aboard one of the cutters which had the job of smashing the boom in Oran harbour and of landing troops. They smashed through the boom, but although they had only a short distance to go, about 120 yards, to reach their appointed stations, every foot was under the fire of warships and batteries, some of them at a range of literally but a few yards' distance. In one of those cutters Surgeon/Lieut. Bourgeois was ministering to one of his wounded comrades. The following letter from his commanding officer:

7 Church Street,
Weybridge,
Surrey, England.

11th December, 1942.

Dear Doctor and Mrs. Bourgeois,

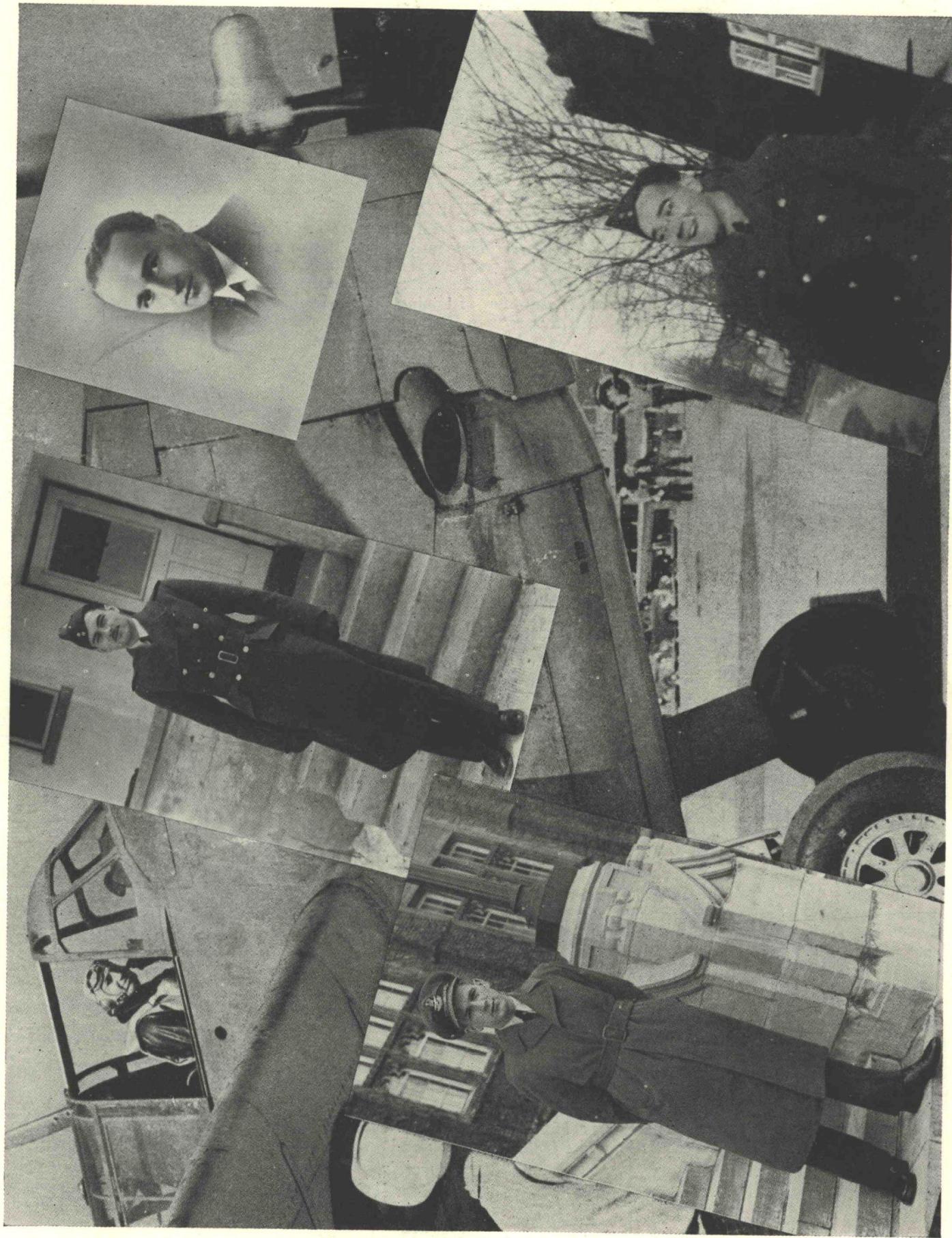
Please accept my deepest sympathy for the loss of your son whilst serving under my command. He died during the action at Oran whilst performing an operation on an American soldier. His emergency theatre suffered a direct hit, killing everybody instantaneously. Later the ship sank, carrying them down with her.

Thus Canada has lost a brilliant surgeon, the Royal Navy a keen officer, my crew their beloved Doctor and I, my friend.

Should my duties bring me near Montreal in the future, I should like to call upon you, for Jacques often spoke of his family, and I feel I know you and can share a little in your sorrow.

Very sincerely,

(Signed) GODFREY BILLOT,
Lieutenant-Commander, R.N.R.



P/O. Terence Kidd, '42
Missing

Sqdn/Ldr. Ian McNaughton, '41
Killed in action

Charles B. de Boucherville, '26
Died June 15, 1942

AC2 Frank Broderick, '40
Killed in line of duty

honor roll



KILLED

SURGEON/LT. JACQUES DE L. BOURGEOIS
'33, R.C.N.V.R.

AC2 FRANK BRODERICK, '40
R.C.A.F.

SGT/P. ALEX. C. CASGRAIN, '36
R.C.A.F.

SGT. BERNARD F. CROKE, '39

CAPT. W. ROY DILLON, '18
Fus. Mt. Royal

SGT/P. JOHN P. DOYLE, '40
R.C.A.F.

F/LT. LOUIS R. DUBUC, '30

P/O. SARTO GAIN, '27
R.C.A.F.

O.S. PATRICK GRIFFIN, '42
R.C.N.V.R.

P/O. GUY HANDFIELD, '33
R.C.A.F.

P/O. JAMES R. HESLOP, '41
R.C.A.F.

P/O. JOSEPH KELLEY, '40
R.C.A.F.

SGT.A/G. EDWARD KENNEDY, '42
R.C.A.F.

O.S. THOMAS KIRKWOOD, '43
R.C.N.V.R.

L/AC. ALBERT LEWIS, '43
R.C.A.F.

SGT/P. ERNEST MAGUIRE, '44
R.C.A.F.

SQDN/LDR. IAN McNAUGHTON, '41
R.C.A.F.

CMDR. JOSEPH W. R. ROY, '21
H.M.C.S. Margaree

O.S. FRANCIS WALSH, '44
Merchant Marine

MISSING

SGT/P. FRANK MCGRATH, '44

P/O. TERENCE KIDD, '42
R.C.A.F.



PRISONERS OF WAR

P/O. EDMUND ASSELIN, '41
(Germany)

P/O. J. ALLAN BURNS, '42
(Germany)

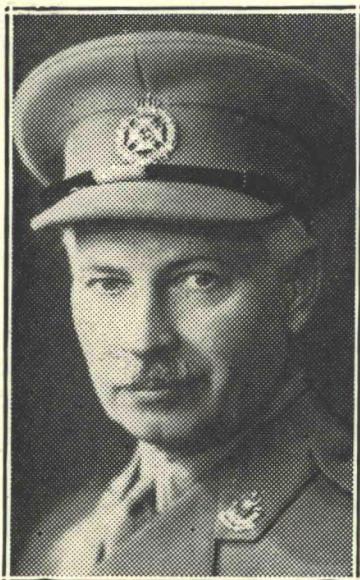
LT. FRANCIS POWER, '40
(Hong Kong)



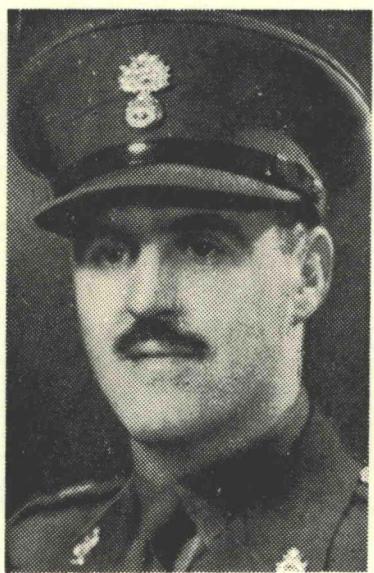
AWARDS

LT. WILLIAM G. TELLIER, '29
George Medal

MAJOR R. H. (Bob) LAJOIE, '35
Military Medal (Dieppe)



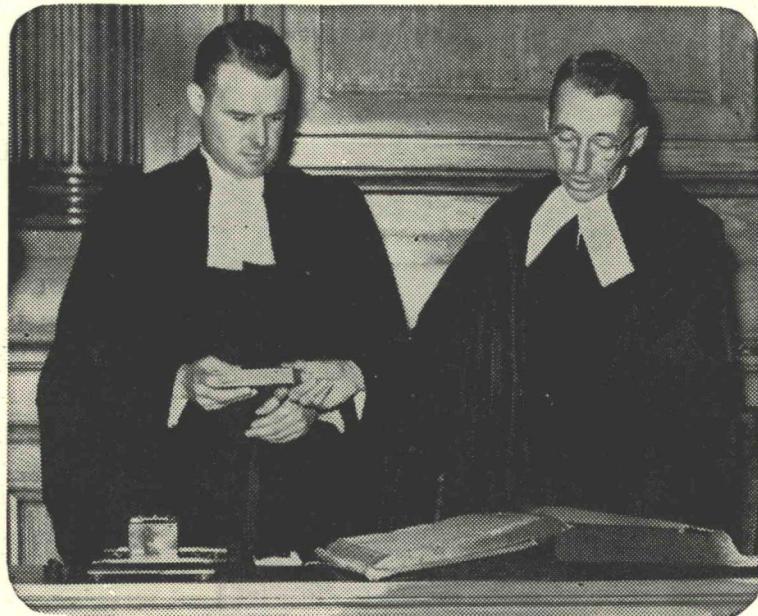
Col. F. W. Clarke, '12
Assistant to Maj.-Gen. H. F. G. Letson



Maj. R. H. (Bob) Lajoie, '35
Military Medal (Dieppe)



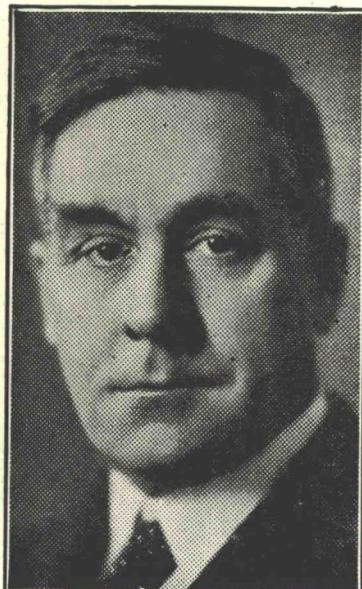
Desmond A. Clarke, '14
Special assistant to Munitions Minister Howe



Recorder Emmett J. McManamy, '27, (left),
taking the oath of allegiance and of office, June 25, 1942



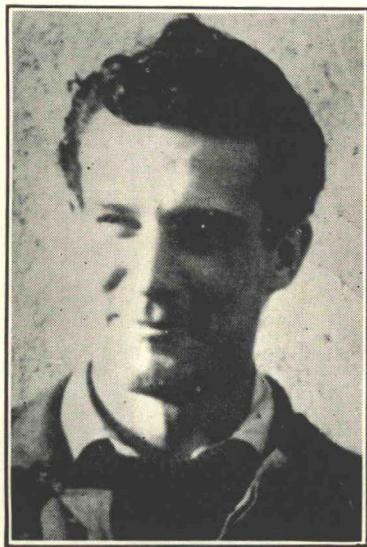
Sqdn/Ldr. H. F. Quinlan, '30
*responsible for construction and remodelling
of R.C.A.F. buildings*



John T. Hackett, K.C., '06
*recently elected Treasurer of the Bar
Association*



Major R. F. Routh, '36
*2nd-in-Command of First Canadian
Paratroop Division*



P/O. Edmund Asselin, '41
Prisoner of War in Germany



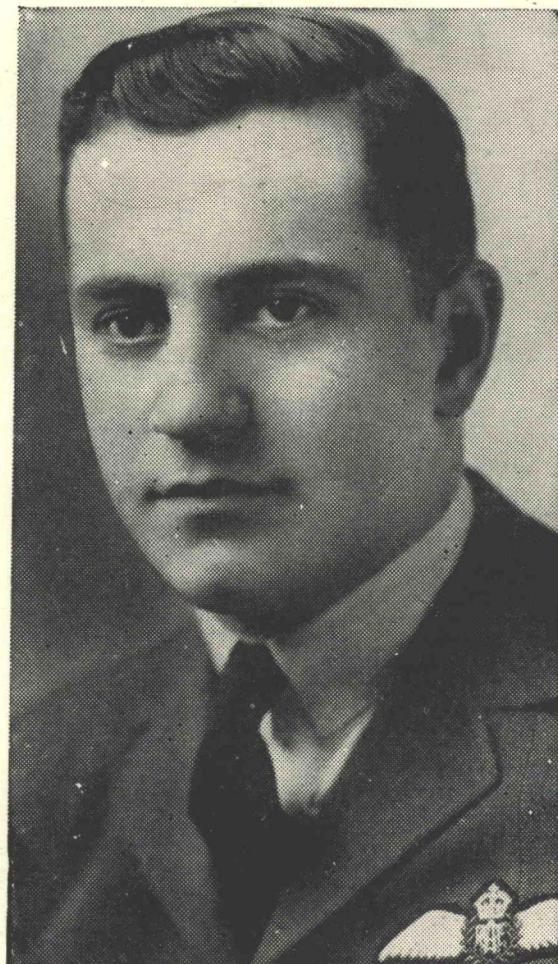
Lieut.-Col. Chas. Letourneau, '32
*commanding a Canadian Field Ambulance
of the R.C.A.M.C.*



P/O. J. Allan Burns, '38
Prisoner of War in Germany



Lieut. George E. Clacy, '38
Royal Montreal Regiment, (M.G.)



F/Lt. Gilles de Niverville, '42



Wing Cmdr. J. Louis P. Gelinas, '23
Commanding Officer of No. 3 Manning Depot, Lachine

P/O. Frank Hamill, '41

P/O. Joseph McCrea, '27

AC2 William Asselin, '44

Photos—Gelinas and McCrea, courtesy Blank & Stoller



Lt. E. J. Wayland, '37
*A.D.C. to Maj.-Gen. P. E. Leclerc, M.M.,
E.D., O.C. of the 7th Division*



Sub/Lt. Edgar Bronstetter, '37



F/O. Hugh F. Tracey, '36



A/C Dan, '42, A/C Tim, and W/O Walter O'Hagan



P/O. John J. Lyng, '44



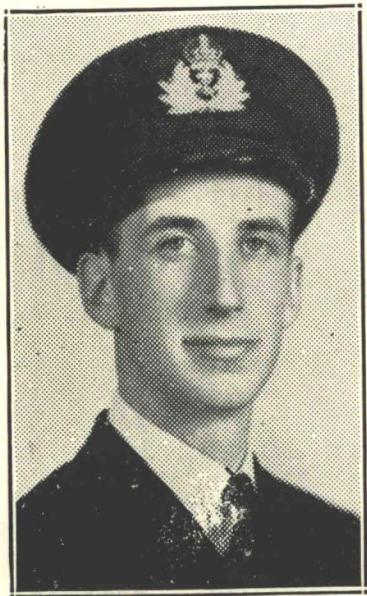
Sub/Lt. Maurice Curran, '44



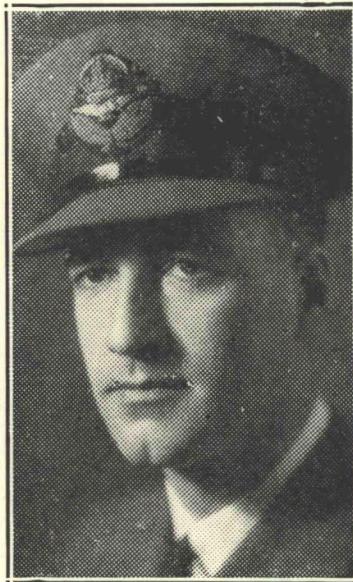
Sub/Lt. John Orr, '44



Capt. R. A. Timmins, '29
5th Light Anti-Aircraft Battery



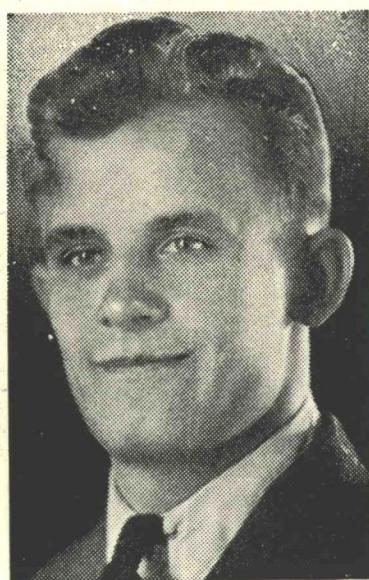
Sub/Lt. Jacques Gagnon, '42



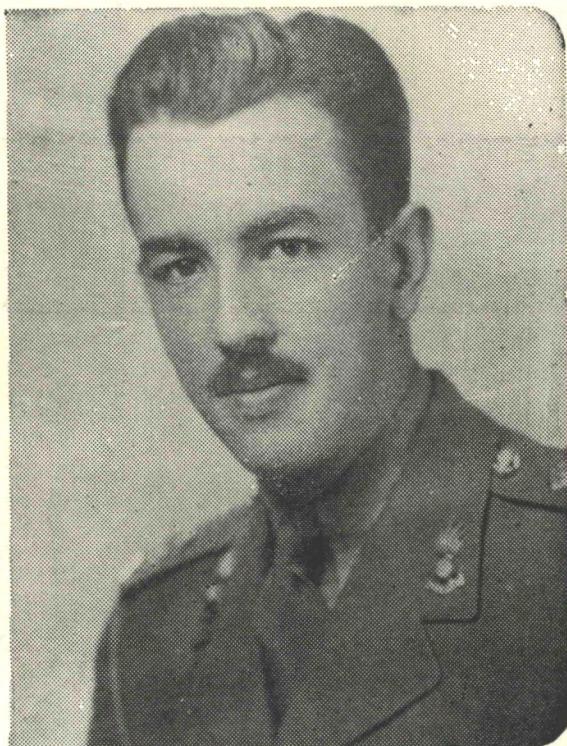
Sqdn/Ldr. Maurice Janin, '26



Sub/Lt. John D. Hackett, '42



Sgt/P. B. Bossy, '45



Lieut. Mark A. McKeown, '41, R.C.A.



Rev. Charles Carroll, S.J., *Chaplain*
Loyola, 1925-29; 1941-43

Sub/Lt. Phil Wilcock, Loyola C.O.T.C.

Lt. Frank Shaughnessy, '32

P/O. Peter Shaughnessy, '44, U.S.N.R.

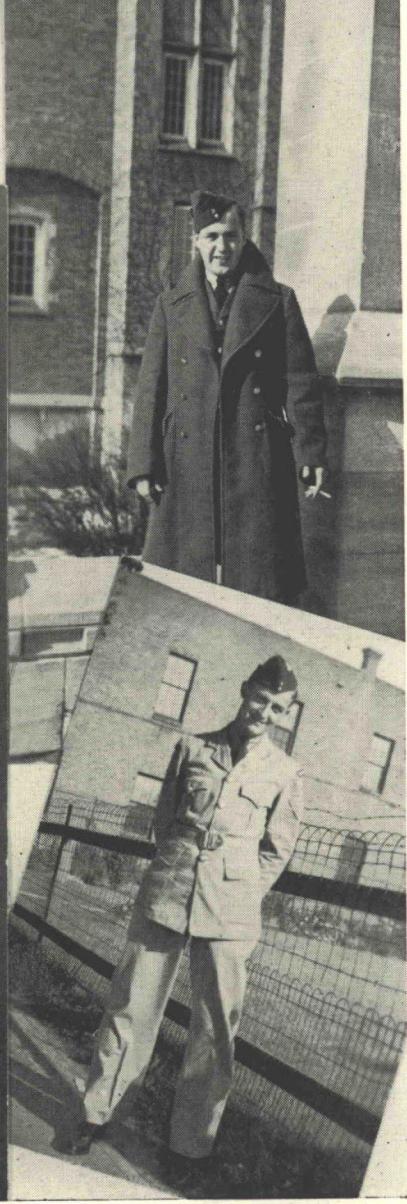
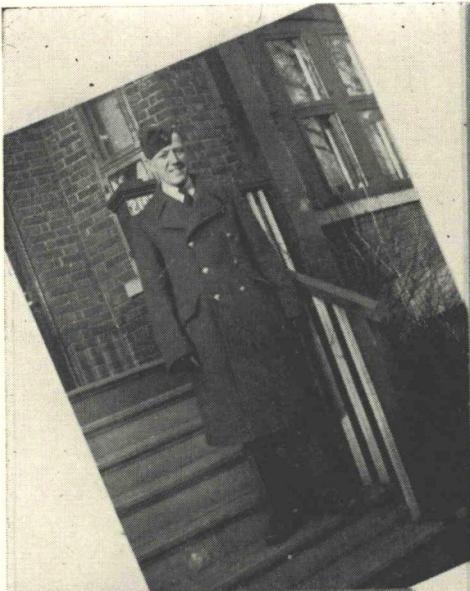
S2/c James Humes, '46, U.S.N.R.

Lt. David K. Walsh, '36

Sgt/O. William Brayley, '44



REQUIEM HIGH MASS FOR ALUMNI KILLED IN ACTION



AC2 Thomas Toppings, '44

AC2 Ed. J. Commins, '44

Sgt. Bruce Paige
31st A/A Battery, 28th Regiment

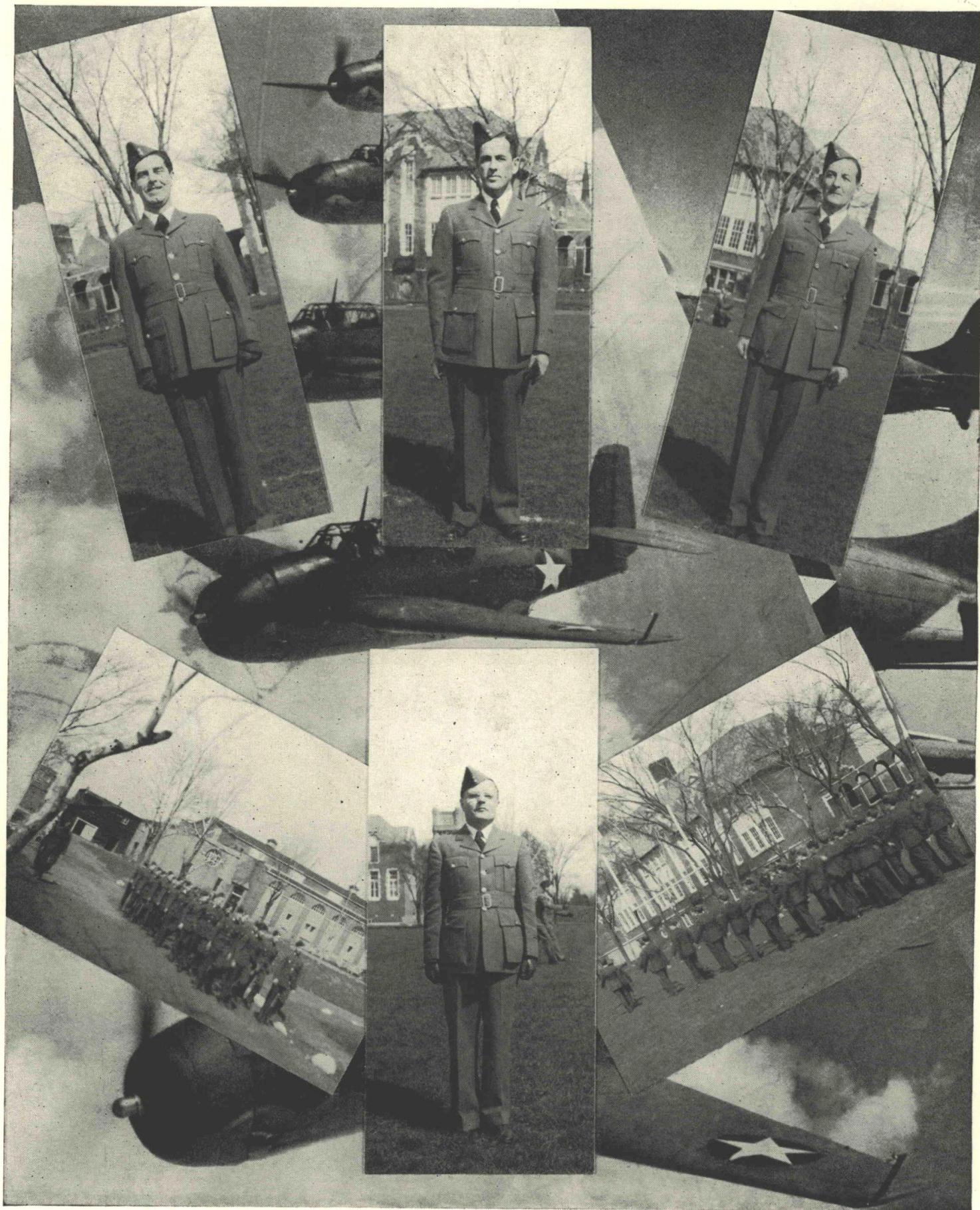
AC2 Richard Dawson, '46

Sub/Lt. Lucien Cardin, '41

Lt. William S. Weldon, '42
Army Air Force Glider Training Detachment

AC2 James Lewis, '45

Sgt. William Rowe, '39
Grenadier Guards



LOYOLA AIR CADETS AND OFFICERS

F/Lt. Harry Burns, '29

F/Lt. Leo Skelly, '24

F/Lt. Edwin Lanthier, '28

F/Lt. Herbert Loucks, '28, *Officer Commanding*

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN . . .

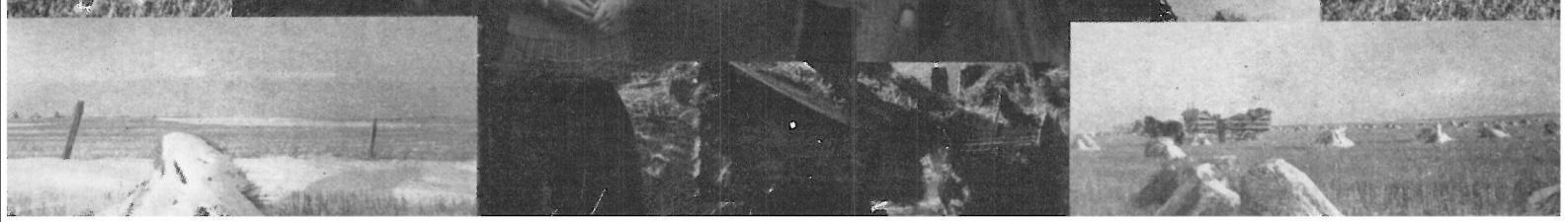
By RUSSELL McKEOGH, '43

NOW look folks, you had it all wrong back here. It wasn't that bad really. In fact, it was a very good experience, and one that I personally wouldn't have missed for the world. And I'm not alone in saying that either. Everybody I ran into in Regina and in Winnipeg and on the way back, fellows from Queens, McGill, Varsity, etc., all felt the same way, and I'm not alone either when I say that I wouldn't hesitate a minute about going back next year, if and when the opportunity presents itself.

We were very much surprised when we landed down at Windsor Station and found out that the stuff we had been getting an inkling of in our letters from home was more than true. You people seemed to think we had all gone through absolute torture, had been fired, gypped of wages, left stranded, and sent to make our way home without a bean: had, in short, been given a dirty deal by the folks out West. Well, that isn't the case at all. Of course, I can see the cause of it now. It was a direct result of a gross misconception of what the affair was all about by some of the younger students who went out on that Harvest Excursion. Maybe that word "excursion" fooled them. Be that as it may, any letters that were written home were from the ones that had complaints, because the rest of us were just too busy, practically, to write at all, let alone complain.

I know that's what happened to me. I swamped Montreal with mail on the way out — the train ride really gives you time on your hands — and then I just didn't write for the next two weeks! We were just too tired; and who wants to write when your fingers are gradually assuming the outline of a pitchfork rather than a pen, when you've got blisters from that same pitchfork, and when there's a lovely straw-filled tick waiting for your tired body upstairs. It turned into a race between Jake and me (Jake Beaudry and I were on the same farm, and are in the same class at College), to see who got into bed first. Last one in got the inside berth, which was right against the sloping roof of the farmhouse, and would have given us claustrophobia if we hadn't been too tired for even that. The result was that we were hitting hay—but literally—every night about eight or eight-fifteen, or maybe a little later when there was a moon . . . No, not that! You see, when there was a moon we were able to work much later, sometimes as late as eight-thirty or nine: otherwise it got dark around seven and we finished about seven-thirty.

Which is just an indication of what you're up against unless you realize what the farmers need to do and expect of you in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta during harvest. You see, that harvest, a period of about three or four weeks, represents a year's wages for the wheat farmer; his entire winter livelihood, everything is





SCENES FROM "GO WEST, YOUNG MAN . . ."

Top centre: Rev. Fr. J. H. Labreque, St. George's, Assiniboia, Sask., a great host. *Centre:* Father Sutton, S.J., welcomes Father Bryan and a group to St. Paul's, Winnipeg. *Lower left:* A group mistake St. Mary's Academy for St. Paul's College.

condensed right into that short time, and it represents the results of his whole year's work. It's just got to pan out, that's all, and for that reason you can see the urgency of working hard and fast for as long as possible. As soon as the bad weather, either Fall or Winter being wet and cold and windy enough, sets in, the show is over and what isn't in the granaries or down in the elevators in town is just that much dead loss. It is only an exceptionally dry winter that permits salvaging grain from the fields in Spring. Even then, it is only that which is already cut, sheafed, and stocked which can still be harvested.

Another factor this year was that the harvest was already late. Previous to our journey out, they had had three weeks of rainy weather during which not one stroke of work had been possible—this with the best crop in years waiting in the fields—and as a natural result there was an especial rush on. That was what we walked into, and it is not very surprising then that there were some cases where fellows just couldn't do all that was expected of them. On this count, too, we kept hearing things, even while we were out West. It seems some farmers did kick up a bit about expecting "experienced" help, and certainly some did expect a bit too much from students fresh from the classroom. As far as I could see, though, the first four or five days are not only the hardest, but also the only experience necessary. By that I mean that these first days complete the "toughening up" process and if, during that time, you can also accustom yourself to horses, as we did, then you have all the experience necessary to carry on for the comparatively short time that a harvester is out West. Once Dick, a very tall horse, had stepped on my foot (rather ungratefully too, I thought, since I was feeding him his oats at the time) I felt familiar enough to give him a punch in the ribs and take out a team and a stook-wagon the next day.

So, as far as I can see, that was the whole trouble in a nutshell, and it really was only a nutshell of trouble compared to the results which were a success as a whole; that is, some students considered it more as a holiday from school-work than as a time for hard work, and secondly, some farmers expected a little too much from the students, especially during the first few days, before the fellows had a chance to get used to the work. "Some students" and "some farmers" because taken as a whole, the thing panned out remarkably well for the majority of both sides. Certainly on Mr. Macaulay's farm, where Jake and I worked, the arrangement was ideal, and my only regret was that we had to leave, due to bad weather, with still quite a bit of work to be done. I am happy to say, however, having just received word from his farm, that the bad weather broke shortly after we left and so work was able to continue. And I don't say "happy" in any idle sense either. You only have to live a short time on one of those prairie farms to start thinking and sympathizing with the farmers. In the district where we were, Saskatchewan south of Regina, and which conditions were, I believe, pretty well universal, this was the first really bumper crop in a long, long time . . . something like thirteen years, and we could see just how much the people were depending on it . . . little things . . . "If we get this crop in I might



HARVESTING HASN'T BEGUN YET, BUT THE SPIRIT IS THERE



THIS LOOKS MORE LIKE IT

The groups in lower left and right have evidently just been paid.

be able to get electricity up here from town," or big things . . . "If I can fill my Wheat Quota, I'll have money in the bank for the first time since 1928."

The farmers themselves were just like you read about, the real, open hospitable West. Some of them looked hard, and that was because it was a hard life and they had been working their farms hard, and some of them looked a little discouraged but that was just a sort of concession to a big country that expected them to take its best and its worst, and still more of them, though, were red-faced and cheerful-looking and that was because they were built that way. Underneath, they were all the same . . . kindly and ready to laugh (some of their jokes were pretty weak compared to Eastern standards, but we laughed too), and not a mean one in a carload.

So that was the set-up and it wasn't a bad one at all. Selective Service in Regina gave us a very good treatment, too, when they learnt that the snow had prevented us from working as long as we would have liked (and from earning as much as we would have liked). But there is no doubt about it that if the same plan is tried next year, with a little more time to spare for organization, it should prove an even greater success than it was this year. Besides, in the words of one of the more thrifty students, "Why, man, that trip would cost you PLENTY!!!" Which is absolutely right, too.

O Fons Bandusiae

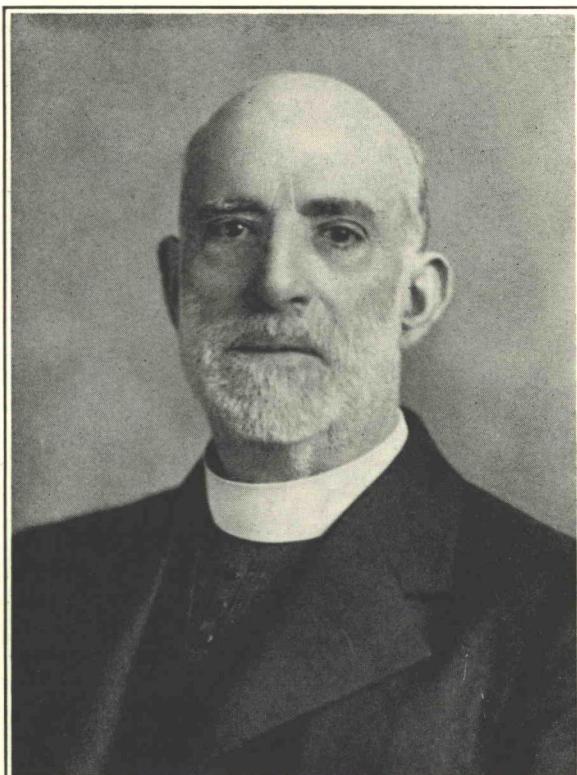
*O fountain of my happy hours,
Whose crystal waters, pure as snow,
Are swollen by these summer showers,
Flow gently while the breezes blow.*

*Tomorrow at this sacred shrine,
A new-born kid its blood will shed,
And stain your waters, mixed with wine,
Till they proceed, a crimson red.*

*The scorching summer sun n'er dries
Your glistening waters, ever cool,
The ox its parched throat applies
And flocks refresh at your shady pool.*

*When I seek refuge from my foes,
I come to pray at this quiet stream,
And pour forth all my bitter woes,
Here, where all day the flowers gleam.*

HENRY HALL, '46.



R.I.P.
FATHER
NICHOLAS
QUIRK, S.J.

FATHER QUIRK was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., on the 31st of October, 1866. He was educated at St. Mary's College, Montreal, where he spent five years. Very little is known of these early days, except that Father Quirk was an excellent athlete, specializing in track events and was particularly adept at the "hop-step-and-jump".

Having entered the Society of Jesus, he came to Loyola in 1899, where he began the work that, together with his later parish ministry, was the principal work of his career. In both he showed his kindness, his impartiality, his love for souls. But in his work now, as teacher of Preparatory at Loyola, a post which he held for ten years, Father Quirk made manifest other virtues, perhaps his most characteristic virtues, his guilelessness, and his love for children. He was a born teacher of youth. All the tricks of the trade seemed native to him. Grammar and spelling came easily to his pupils, for they were the weapons to wield, when the class, divided into "Romans and Carthaginians", fought their bloodless battles and won quick conquests. He could be friendly, even intimate with the boys without in any way encouraging familiarity. But what secured co-operation and progress was the perfect discipline Father Quirk always maintained.

The office of Assistant Prefect of Discipline, however, which Father Quirk undertook in 1910 and to which was added in 1911 the duty of teaching French, was the real manifestation of his disciplinary powers. All old Loyola boys will remember Father Quirk as he stood beneath the clock when the boys came up from recreation. There might have been high spirits on the stairs, but as the long line came within sight or sound of this Nemesis of Justice, the marvellous discipline of the youngsters and their all but angelic deportment were a delight to look upon.

But Father Quirk, the disciplinarian, never for long, cast into the shade Father Quirk, ardent friend of the young. His quick sympathy for the sick or for those in trouble easily equalled his severest disciplinary measures. And those, in whom he inspired something akin to fear, never failed to find in him the truest friendship, the tenderest care. As Father Quirk was also master of the Junior Boys' Dormitory, interest in them extended throughout the whole day. His last look around the dormitory to see that all the youngsters were securely tucked in held a truly fatherly concern.

In 1913, after a period of nearly thirteen years at Loyola, Father Quirk went to Guelph to take up what proved to be the second great task of his life—parish work. He remained there nineteen years. Devotion to souls, disinterestedness, sympathy and high good humor, all these virtues were clearly distinguishable during this period. It was not long before Father Quirk and his legendary Ford, which he affectionately called his "Rattleax", were recognized institutions in the Royal City. From 1919 to 1931, besides his regular parish duties, he was pastor at Rockwood, where he said Mass twice a month, was Chaplain at the Guelph Reformatory, and spent long hours with the sick at the hospital. Add all this to his regular parish duties, and Father Quirk's schedule was well filled out.

Transferred from Guelph to Regiopolis College, Kingston, in 1931, Father Quirk was not to remain there long, for we cannot compare a mere three or four years with the previous periods spent at Guelph and Montreal. At Regiopolis, he was Spiritual Father. This enforced rest from active labors was hard for him to endure. When he returned to Loyola in 1936, he was named Spiritual Father and teacher of Catechism. But for five years he took so energetic a part in parish activities that he was, to all intents and purposes, curate. It was not until 1940 that this happy warrior showed signs of fatigue, and in 1941, he finally gave up all active duties. During these latter years he was an active and enthusiastic supporter of the various teams. As the rink was too cold for him to watch hockey games, he concentrated all his attention on the football teams. When it was too chilly to stand on the campus, he would take his place at one of the dining-room windows and follow each play.

In conclusion, we would like to claim that Father Quirk, as a true soldier of Christ, seemed fitted with a shining armor that was never stained, not in any way dulled. He was "a knight without fear and without reproach". Any feeling of fear seemed to him superfluous, for, as one old friend put it, "evil never touched him". R.I.P.

* * *

R.I.P.

FATHER WALTER McMANUS, S.J., '08

FATHER WALTER McMANUS was born in Memramcook, N.B., on the 12th of February, 1885. Entering the Society at Sault-au-Récollet on the 17th of September, 1905, he spent his teaching years before ordination at Loyola. After ordination and tertianship his life was spent either in parish ministry or in the classroom. For his first assignment he went to Vancouver as parish priest. From 1925-28 he taught Philosophy and acted as Spiritual Father to the students at Campion. From 1928-31 he was back in parish work again, this time at Port Arthur as curate under the late Father Joseph Primeau, S.J. Here he zealously carried out his duties. As a pulpit orator, Father McManus lacked only strength of voice. His thoughts were well conceived, his sermons strong with splendid spirituality. But because of his vocal weakness, he was not able to bring into play the full force of his oratorical powers. In 1931 he left for the newly opened house of Philosophy at Toronto, where he taught History of Philosophy and acted as Spiritual Father to the young Jesuits studying there. After a stay of three years he returned to Port Arthur as parish priest. Severe inflammation of the legs forced him, in 1939, to leave his work in the hands of younger and more vigorous men.

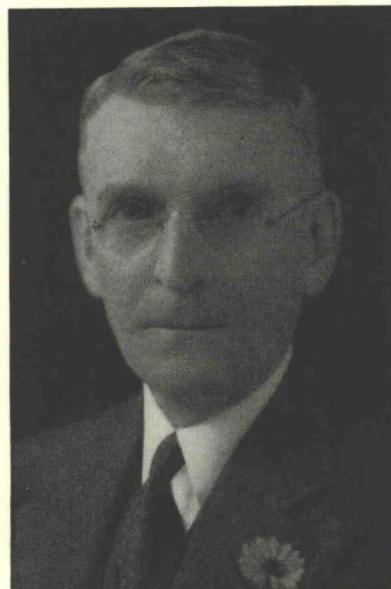
But right up until the end the see-saw action from college to parish was maintained. At Winnipeg for the next three years he taught Latin, French and Apologetics. And finally in 1942 he went to St. Mary's College, Montreal, where he devoted the last days of his life to the laborious work of Chaplain in the Royal Victoria Hospital. For two months before his death, Father McManus suffered from severe illness. But with unselfish forgetfulness, he insisted on continuing his ministrations at the hospital. With his kindly smile and gentle cheerfulness, he succeeded in keeping secret his own hidden suffering. As a matter of fact, selflessness may well be set down



as a decided characteristic of Father McManus. This story is told of him while at Campion College. Once when he went out to say Mass on Christmas Eve, he had to sleep in the country church sacristy. He said his three Masses, preached, and then went back to the sacristy . . . for his "Christmas dinner". This consisted of some bread he had taken along and of some eggs he prepared himself! And yet, his sly smile, twinkling eyes and somewhat shy but merry laugh showed the depths of his sense of humor—a sense of humor that could appreciate a joke even at his own expense.

Regularity, mortification, forgetfulness of self, zeal and recollection may be put down as Father McManus' characteristic virtues. And if his recollection might be said to have gone to the extreme of reticence and even secretiveness, who is there that can claim for himself the "Golden Mean"? R.I.P.

 * *



R.I.P.

LT.-COL. TRIHEY

WITH the recent death of Lieut.-Col. Henry J. Trihey, K.C., Loyola mourns the loss of one of her most faithful friends. The newspapers across the country have told of his passing; editorials have dwelt upon the high esteem in which he was held, and upon much that he accomplished in social, political, professional and religious fields. All agree that his death is a loss to Montreal and to Canada at large.

Here at Loyola, we feel that few will miss him as much as we do. Colonel Trihey graduated from the old English-speaking course at St. Mary's just as that course began to function separately at the first little Loyola on the corner of Bleury and St. Catherine Streets. So we do not hesitate to rank him where he really belongs, among our oldest and most respected alumni.

Harry was a star on the hockey team of his day and not long after his graduation he led the famous Shamrocks to the world's championship and the Stanley Cup.

During all the years of his brilliant, crowded life, there was never an institution, never a deserving cause which turned to him but he gave unstintingly of his talent, his time and his assistance. None of them owe more to him than Loyola College.

During the last war, he formed the 55th Regiment of Militia, from which developed the famous 199th Expeditionary Regiment, the Irish Canadian Rangers, who had Colonel Trihey as their Commanding Officer. From this regiment, whose colors hang in the College Chapel today, stems our unit of the C.O.T.C. At its founding, Loyola was the only College in Canada without university status to support such a unit.

The success of the first Drive was due in large measure to his efforts. In 1937, when the second Campaign was in its initial stages of preparation, he gave, despite a painful illness, much of his time and advice. He was a member and at one time Chairman of Loyola's Board of Governors. Likewise, he helped to found and keep functioning for years the College Club. It was he who, at a most critical time in the College's financial history, guided it through all the transactions of the 1936 Bond Issue. Afterwards, the companies handling the bonds declared they intended to keep a copy of the Trust Deed he had drawn up as a model for them to follow in any similar transactions they might undertake in the future.

We could go on at much greater length recounting all he did for Loyola. Perhaps we can best sum it up by saying that all through the two score and more years of our school's existence he was her unfailing friend. In good times and, most of all, in bad times, he stood unflinchingly by the College he always looked upon as his Alma Mater. Loyola will not forget this true friend, this fine Catholic gentleman she is proud to count among her alumni. R.I.P.

* * *

WHO ARE THE CANADIANS?

By PHILIP READY

SINCE Canada's rise to nationhood the question may very well be asked "who are the Canadians?"

Canada's population is, in reality, a witch's brew consisting of elements of many racial groups who came to this country because, in most cases, they had nowhere else to go.

First are the French, who were the primary developers of this great country. They fought back the wilderness and established many towns, but finally, during the vicissitudes of war, they were defeated by the English under General Wolfe and Canada passed into the British Empire.

The French Canadians were, perhaps, third or fourth generation settlers and on the most part, completely out of touch with their relatives in France. Canada was their home, and they stayed when she changed her allegiance from one crown to another; for where else could they go?

British soldiers sent to Canada grew to love the country and, after their discharge from service, often took wives from among the French settlers and became colonists themselves.

Two revolutions helped to swell Canada's population. The first was the Scotch Rebellion of 1745. The Western Scottish Catholics suffered persecution after this Rebellion and decided to go to a new land where there would be no oppression and no religious squabbles. They chose Canada, which at that time was unique in the British Empire in that the Catholic Religion was not proscribed, and settled mainly in the Maritime provinces.

The second Revolution was the American in 1776. United Empire Loyalists, those who wished to remain as subjects of the King, fled to Canada and settled in what is now Ontario and the Eastern Townships of Quebec.



Now came the Irish. Thousands of them fleeing from the Potato Famine and the ill effects of Absentee Landlordism in their homeland. They found the freedom and opportunities that they longed for.

From this time onward there was to be no major migration as in the past, but rather a steady flow of different racial strains who fled from the economic pressure in Europe. They came through a spirit of adventure, to seek wider horizons and a better way of life away from the narrow minded shortsightedness of Continental Europe. They came in their thousands, with a song on their lips and hope in their hearts. They came empty handed as far as the world's goods were concerned. It mattered not, for Canada was built with empty hands.

All these racial strains are present in Canada, yet there is no continuance of age-old quarrels between peoples whose racial brethren had been fighting amongst themselves in Europe for centuries. Instead there is a close bond of easy camaderie resulting from inter-marriage, freedom of speech and religion which throughout the years have welded Canada into a compact nation.

A young, vigorous nation that has existed as such only since 1867 when Confederation was signed; but, since then Canada has proved her right to be regarded as an independent nation by her sacrifices in 1914-18 and the tremendous efforts being made today throughout the land so that Canada may remain free and that totalitarianism may be speedily crushed.

Thus, in relatively few years, Canada has risen from an empty land of vast primeval forests to become a great industrial, financial and agricultural nation welded together by the concepts of freedom and tolerance.

* * *

Liberty

*If men may laugh, if men may sing,
If life and death together bring
Their untold joy and sorrowing,
Then this, my friend, is Liberty.*

*If we may walk and talk at will,
If we may pray to God until
The end of life, and longer still,
Then this, my friend, is Liberty.*

*If old and young walk hand in hand,
Unmindful of the far off land,
Encompassed by the friendly sand,
Then this, my friend, is Liberty.*

*If the sun forever glows on high,
If the yellow moon adorns the sky,
If men are free to live and die,
Then this, my friend, is Liberty.*

WILLIAM FREDERICK BARRY, H.S. '45.

THE CHALLENGE

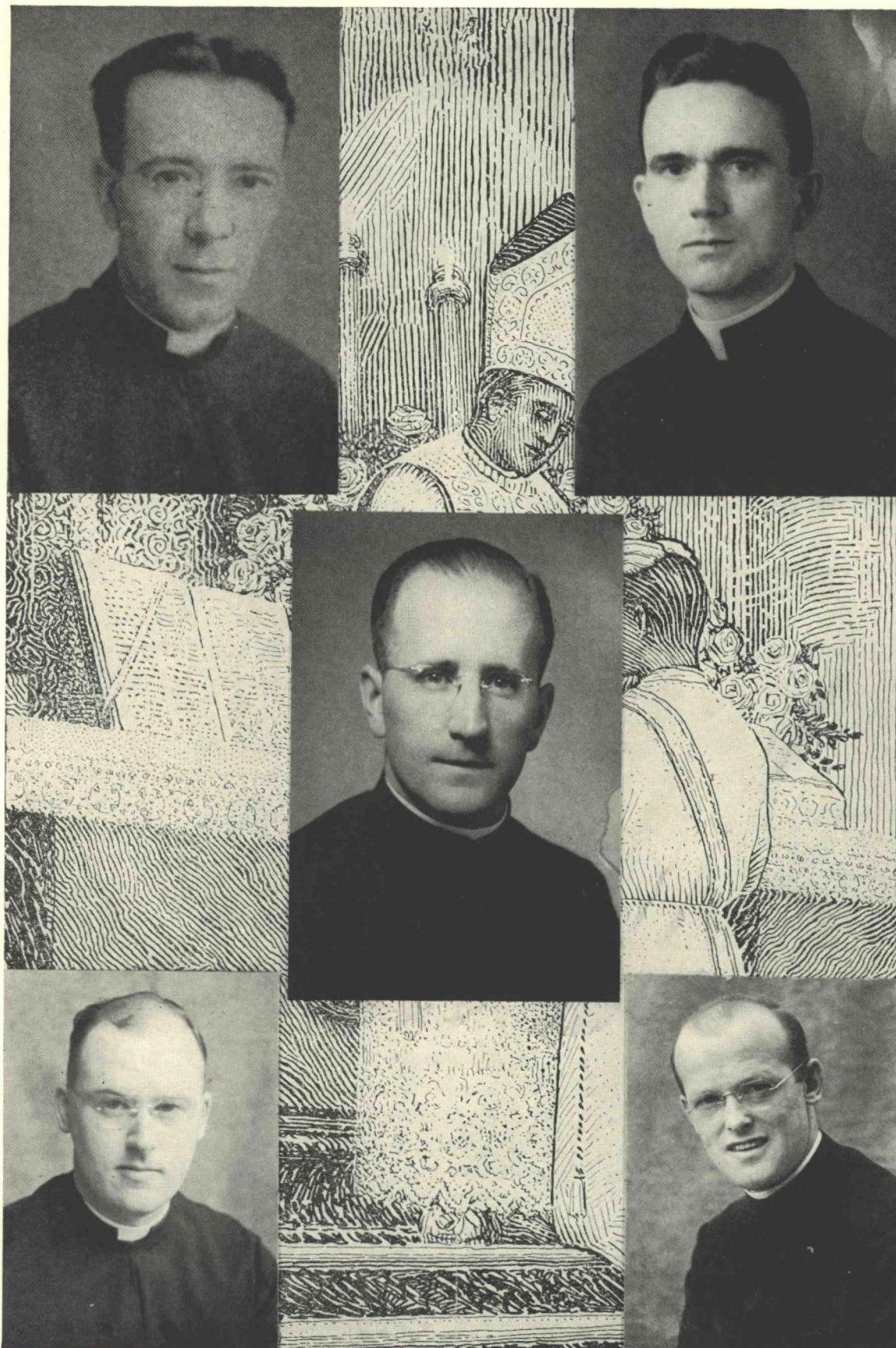
By HENRY HALL, '46

HOW should we estimate Cardinal Wolsey?

What should we think of that creature who sought only glory and renown during his stay on earth and who, in so doing, placed his King before his God? What should we think of him when he is compared to that courageous follower of Christ, Thomas More, who desired only to serve his God in peace and happiness? The comparison appears obvious. A strong and resolute will symbolize More; a weak and timid character represent Wolsey. The world has only admiration and respect for More, while Wolsey is an object of scorn and pity in the eyes of all. In pursuing the comparison further, we conclude that each, at one time, was a chancellor of the same King. But both, surrounded by the temptations and follies of the English courts, were not able to maintain the faith they had cherished since youth. One was overcome by the wicked onslaught of the changing times; the other met this charge and emerged still firmly clinging to his beliefs. More emerged stronger and more respected, while Wolsey slowly sank, first from the eyes of Henry, then from the sight of all England. Alas, both cannot be portrayed as examples of the spirit of Catholicism. For though each held a prominent position in an important period in world history, one remained staunch, the other weakened.

Chancellor of Henry! you suffered a peaceful though ignominious end, while your successor underwent the cruel torture of the scaffold—a martyr's death. You uttered your last breath forsaken and distant from the pomp and honor you so dearly sought. He departed from this world surrounded by the hostile faces of an angry and raging mob. You suffered remorse and died uttering those pitiful words: "If I had served my God as diligently as I have done the King, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs." He died, unafraid and jesting with his executioner, exclaiming: "Assist me up and in coming down I will shift for myself." For More had found peace in loyalty to his God; Wolsey had lost sight of God in serving his King.

What was the result? Did each receive an equal reward? No. More has been canonized and placed beside the saints of God, a just reward. Wolsey has faded into the background and is remembered only for his vain desire of temporal fame. Followers of Christ, which do you choose, temporal gain or a perpetual seat beside God in the Kingdom of Heaven? Let everyone contemplate seriously on this problem, for it is a problem, before setting out on the rocky road of life. Let all choose More, the servant of his God, not Wolsey, the puppet of a King. May God protect you in your choice.



ALUMNI AND FORMER PROFESSORS ORDAINED

Rev. Arthur J. Nelson, S.J., '32

Rev. Gerald Walsh, C.S.Sp., '36

Rev. John Grimes, S.J., Loyola 1936-39

Rev. J. Edward Healey, S.J., Loyola 1936-39

Rev. Aloysius F. Kehoe, S.J., Loyola 1936-39

Sodality

IN commencing this review of Sodality activities for the past year let us remark at the outset that while outlining our successes this article will also contain an account of some of our failures. This procedure is followed not with the intention of painting a drab picture of recent activities but in the hope that present members of the Sodality and interested friends outside the College will realize that there is always room for improvement and renewed vigor in the field of Catholic Action and that here at Loyola we are not slow to recognize our shortcomings and that we are eager to take steps to remedy our lapses.

The Sodality commenced its activities on September 29th when the first general meeting was held in the Auditorium. The new executive, aware of the fact that much was expected of them, took steps at the outset to lay before the entire body of the Sodality a tentative programme of action for the coming year. To this first meeting were invited not only members but all newcomers to Loyola who might be interested in Sodality activities. The executive was duly presented to the assembly and each man announced the various responsibilities of his committee and the type of work that lay open to the sodalists in that particular field. The idea in itself was excellent for after three months away from College students tend to get out of touch with Sodality activities, a remedy for this will be suggested later, yet there was something missing. We feel that too many statements were prefaced with the statement "In past years" or "It has been the custom at Loyola". Old institutions and traditions are a solid foundation upon which any organization may build but foundations do not constitute an edifice. A group which intends to thrive and to continue with an energetic spirit needs new ideas as an added incentive and inspiration to its work. Our moderator, Fr. St. Clair Monaghan, made it clear that his position was merely that of a signpost and not that of a steam engine, with regard to Sodality affairs. He was indeed making a particular application to Loyola of the general principles for Sodality work laid down by Father Lord, S.J., in his conference for Sodalists held in Montreal in early September. In the course of that conference Father Lord declared that the drive of a Sodality lay in the youth and enthusiasm of its members, that it was essentially their society and that its successful function depended on their ideas, their hard work, their enthusiasm. Consequently to be off to a powerful start more than a tentative plan of action is needed. There should be a definite programme laid out by the executive during the summer months so that this plan might be put into effect during the early weeks of the first semester and thus avoid the loss of valuable time.

We cannot say that the Sodality has lacked new ideas but the body as a whole was slow in putting these ideas into effect, and moreover the success of many projects depended on the work of a few rather than on the labor of the group as a whole.

Sodality work was hit hard during the first semester by the advent of the harvesting trip which caused the majority of the members to be absent for a period of three weeks to a month. However, on their return they showed their intention of making up for lost time and a very successful dance was held by the Social Life Committee which resulted in an unprecedented swelling of the Treasury Box. These funds were later put to good use in Christmas projects.

The Apostolic Committee which had up to this point lain dormant, came to the fore and under the leadership of John Colford made creditable headway against the vicissitudes of wartime regulations to supply ten poor families with some Christmas cheer. Here the Committee suffered a lack of co-operation in the last few days of the campaign when the hardest work had to be done. It is true that the distribution and packing had to be done during the Christmas vacation, but it is at such times that a true and fervent Sodality spirit shows up when there is a sacrifice to be made for the fulfilment of some work. Later in the second semester the Apostolic Committee did very good work in entertaining the children of St. Patrick's orphanage. Though the spirit was commendable and the effort strong, we think that the Sodality would have itself gained greater benefit in the matter of unified effort had some stage presentation been arranged instead of the film that was shown at that time.



COLLEGE SODALITY EXECUTIVE

Front row: D. McDonald, J. Mell, *Prefect*, J. O'Brien.

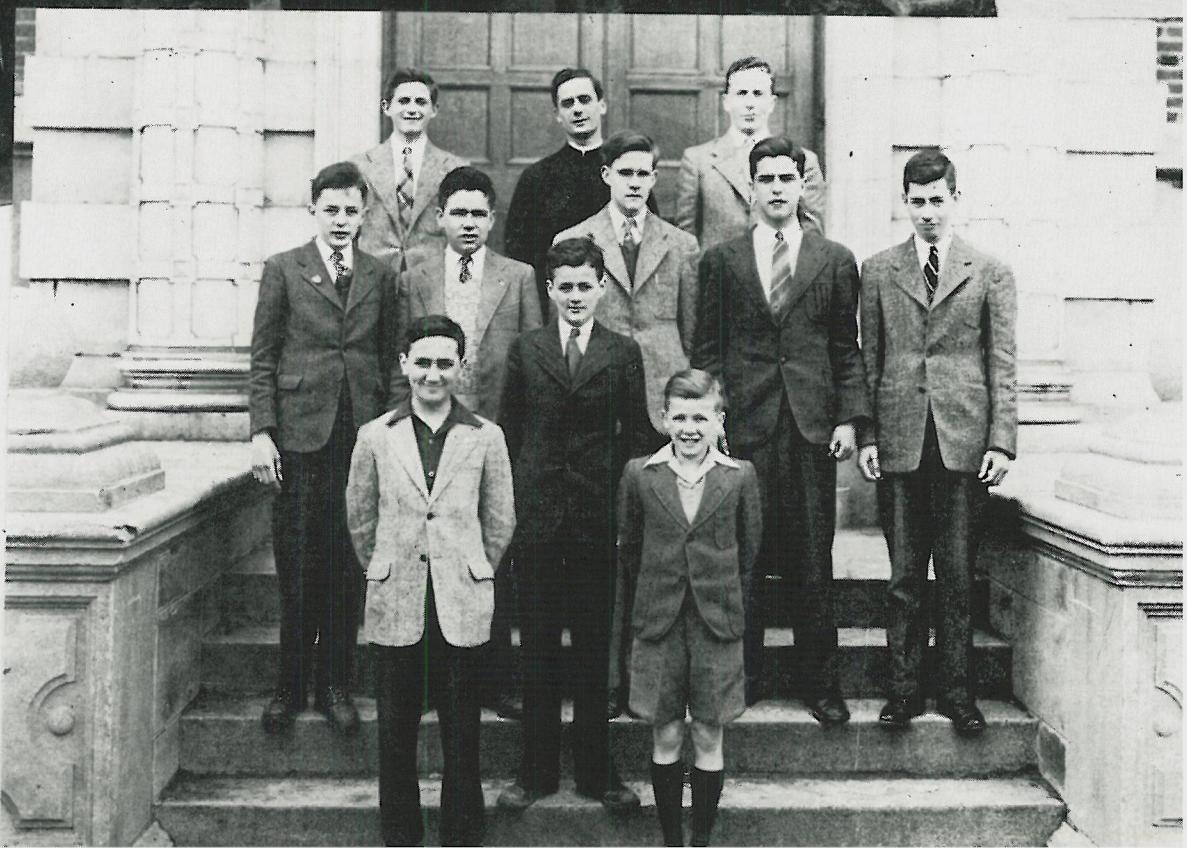
2nd row: J. Colford, F. Higgins, J. Hemens.

3rd row: R. Meagher, D. McCormack, R. Breen, R. Swinton, F. Monahan.



HIGH SCHOOL SODALITY EXECUTIVE

J. Branswell, D. Dohan, Mr. J. Daly, S.J., W. Humes, *Prefect*, B. Gollop.



K.B.S. EXECUTIVE

Front row: J. Di Clementi, P. Lennon, *Prefect*, M. O'Doherty.

2nd row: D. Bussière, T. Sullivan, W. Callaghan, J. Danaher, R. Thornton.

3rd row: M. Malone, Mr. P. Ambrosie, S.J., R. Coates.

The Social Life Committee had about the greatest success of any of the Sodality groups and this success was in no small measure due to the interest which the members took in their work. After arranging and executing the Harvester's Festival, this Committee went on to arrange a debate with St. Paul's and also staged a successful series of lectures as part of the weekly spiritual meetings. A suggestion has been made that is worthy of note, viz: that the continuation of such lectures be in charge of the Eucharistic Committee. Admittedly the idea belonged to the Social Life Committee, but their field is indeed more extensive than that of the Eucharistic Committee, and it seems unreasonable that one committee do the work of two while another group is left practically idle. However, such is only a matter of passing concern and must be settled next year by the members of the Sodality.

The Eucharistic Committee labored under difficulties from the very start in that their work required more sacrifice in little things than the tasks of other groups. The matter of encouraging more visits to the chapel at break and after meals was a constant thorn in the side of the Committee. Its members labored hard to overcome their problem but due to lack of co-operation on the part of the Sodalists themselves they met with only partial success. They established their prestige, however, during the Lenten season when the distribution of self-denial slips and the publication of several questionnaires dealing with Sodality activities was carried out in excellent fashion.

1943 has seen one important innovation around the College in the form of a Sodality bulletin which was in the capable hands of G. Morley. It is to be hoped that this fortnightly publication will be continued and expanded for it is of great help in spreading around Sodality news and making all members of the College "Sodality Conscious". The Holy Father has often emphasized the importance of a Catholic Press for the general public. We feel that in Sodality matters our bulletin admirably fills such a function.

Thus far we have briefly outlined the temporal work of the Sodality for the past year but it must not be forgotten that a Sodality is primarily a spiritual body with its main purpose the fostering of devotion to Our Blessed Lady. Such work has been in the hands of Our Lady's Committee. Though they did not go as far as they might have done the general effort of this Committee was good. They arranged decorations, etc., for Sodality day and also worked hard to decorate a shrine to the B.V.M. during the month of May.

In conclusion may we say that for 1943 the Sodality has some good work in which it may take reasonable pride, but there are still improvements to be made. The executive as a whole was new to the work of administration and this fact may account for some of the unfortunate lapses. As for next year we are aware that those up for office now have some experience and are eager to show the rest of the College just how much they can do, given a full year in which to operate. During the summer we sincerely urge that where possible Sodalists become attached to their parish Sodalities or other similar groups in order that with the opening of the next semester we may have many members who will have had valuable experience in parish work and will thus be ready and able to offer helpful suggestions and criticism for the coming year.

F. HIGGINS, '44.

K. B. S.

IT is a truism that success in any organization is gauged not so much by the quantity but the quality of its members. The K.B.S. this past year has, I believe, achieved success on both scores. One hundred and thirty new Knights took the "Word of Honor" to serve as Crusaders of the Eucharistic Christ. In this one line I have exhausted all that can be said about the K.B.S. You cannot estimate the progress of the K.B.S. as you would the progress, say, of the Sodality. The K.B.S. is an individual, personal, thus limited activity; the Sodality is more social and sweeping in outlook. The K.B.S. simply seeks chivalrous devotees of Christ in the Eucharist; the Sodality forms Catholic Apostles and Leaders to act as a leaven in the multitude.

With this in mind, we cannot point to any external accomplishment and say: "This is what we have achieved." We can only point to our K.B.S. badge and our "Word of Honor" and say: "This is what we are striving to achieve."



HIGH SCHOOL SODALITY

If, on a certain frigid afternoon last January, a hardy sparrow had ventured to fly over Loyola, he might have observed two shivering figures just outside the Stadium. Shading his eye with a frozen claw, he would have discerned that they were a slightly-scornful Senior and a sad-faced High School Sodalist. This denizen from the College demanded to know just what the High School Sodality had accomplished up to that point. The rueful but frank reply was that very little had been done by the said body.

If, however, that same sparrow, this time accompanied by a friend, had once more flitted over the College on the bright Sunday morning of May 9th, he would have seen the above-mentioned characters once again engaged in conversation. The now-smiling High School Sodalist was pointing out a large group of immaculately clad young men preparing to enter Our Lady's Chapel for Reception into the Sodality. The sparrow remarked to his friend that a lot of water must have flowed under the bridge since he last passed this way. And, to be sure, he was right.

Early in March it was decided to relieve Fr. St. C. Monaghan, already over-burdened with work, of the care of the High School Sodality. Mr. D. Daly, S.J., was appointed Moderator.

Mr. Daly lost no time in putting the Sodality into shape. The usual large number of executive officers was reduced and a small, highly-centralized Council organized. David Dohan was appointed Prefect, William Humes, Vice-Prefect, Bernard Gallop, Secretary, and John Branswell, Treasurer. These four also headed the Committees and represented their respective classes as Councillors.

Two major activities dominated the Sodality scene. The Reception of Members quite fittingly fell on Mother's Day. What greater tribute could be paid the Mother of God on that day than the thirty Candidates who were enrolled in her Sodality? The beautiful ceremony was conducted by Fr. Grimes, S.J. An inspiring sermon was delivered during the course of the Mass by Fr. Hugh McCarthy, S.J. The Mass was followed by an excellent breakfast, at which Fr. Walsh was guest speaker.

The second activity which might be termed major was the Sodality Social, considered by all as one of the most successful events of its kind ever held in the Loyola Foyer. Credit for its success belongs to the Executive and to Joe Dansereau who acted as M.C. Remarkably well supported, the Social was a great credit to the School and the Sodality.

As the Sodality curriculum came to a close, one last project claimed the attention of Sodalists. The students on the Fifth Floor of the Administration Building raised funds to erect a permanent shrine in Our Lady's honor in their Smoker. The new Shrine is a fine example of the generous love that Loyola boys bear to Our Lady.

We who leave our Sodality this June, leave it knowing that it is in capable hands and that the year to come will be a great one for the Loyola High School Sodality.

CHARLES A. PHELAN, H.S. '43.

PAUL A. ORR, H.S. '43.

Indifference

*Watch disgruntled buyers pout!
See the sign that the Liquor Stores flout:
"No wine today,—we're all sold out!"*

*How often do you see that sign
Before the Tabernacle Shrine,—
The Store of Flesh and Blood Divine?*

JAMES C. MELL, '43.



JUNIOR

Front row: R. Lindsay, Vice-President, D. McDonald, President, J. Colford, Secretary, B. Légaré.

2nd row: J. Dupong, G. Vanier, R. Langevin, J. Hemens, L. Gratton, F. Higgins.

3rd row: R. Meagher, J. Langevin, M. Solomon, A. Picotte.

4th row: J. O'Donnell, M. Labelle, G. Desjardins, M. Kovalik.



SOPHOMORE

Front row: S. Tomiuk, Vice-President, J. O'Connor, President, A. McDonald, Secretary, L. O'Toole.

2nd row: R. Cronin, B. McQuillan, R. Schultz, J. O'Brien, R. Swinton.

3rd row: P. O'Reilly, T. Laberge, D. McCormack, A. Walsh.

4th row: D. Walsh, P. Racz, D. McKee, B. Vanier, L. La Flèche.

5th row: F. Bedford, G. Morley, J. McDougall, R. Limoges, R. Fauteux, W. Sofin.

FRESHMAN

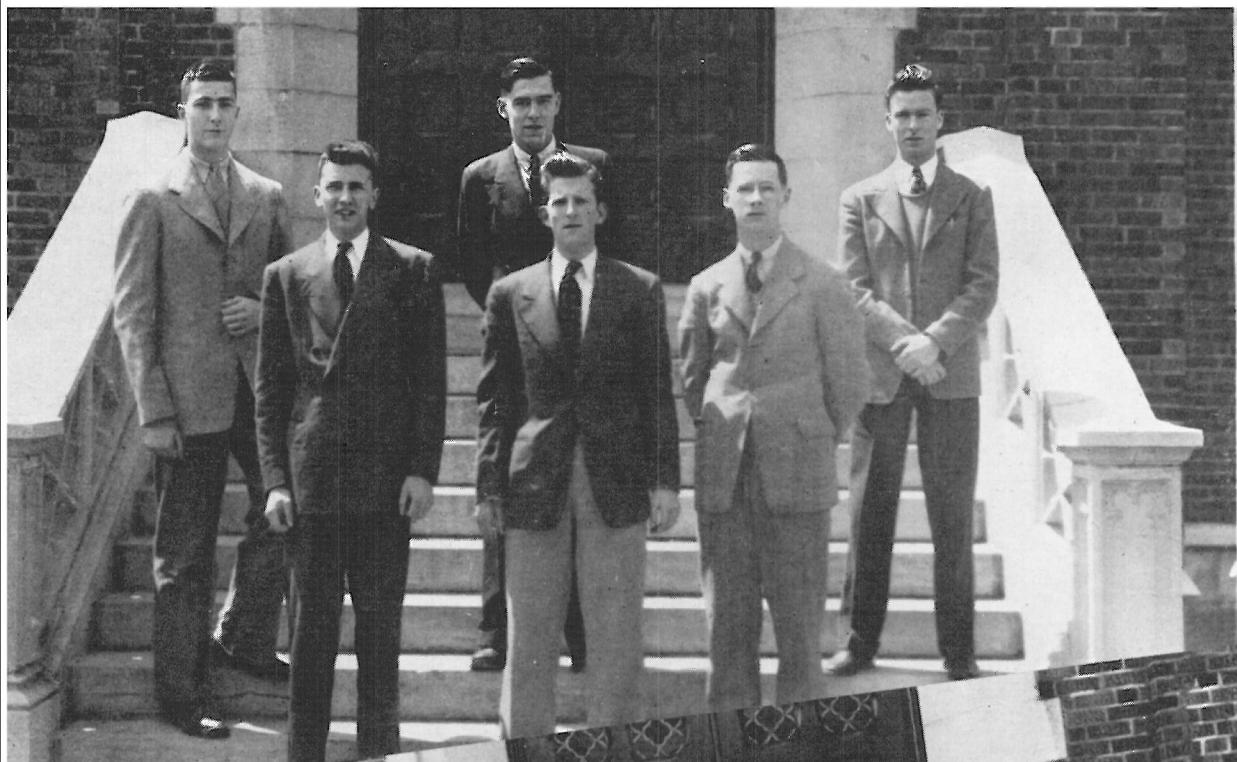
Front row: K. Norris, F. Porteous, Vice-President, J. O'Neill, President, E. Meagher, Secretary, J. McEachern.

2nd row: H. Hall, E. Caron, R. Breen, E. Shatilla, A. Biega, J. White, A. Halley, G. St. Cyr, C. Malone.

3rd row: A. Logan, A. Beauregard, B. Griffin, G. Curran, A. Milledge, D. Donovan, E. Crowe, J. Ross, R. Duffy, R. Carrière, M. Melnyk, F. Burke.

4th row: W. Sullivan, J. McNally, P. Firlotte, J. McDade, M. Asselin, H. Griffin, D. Porteous, E. Williams, R. Hutchings, P. Shaughnessy.





DEBATING EXECUTIVE

Front row: R. McKeogh, R. Joe
President, J. Colford.

2nd row: G. Vanier, J. Mell,
Gribbin.



DRAMATIC
EXECUTIVE

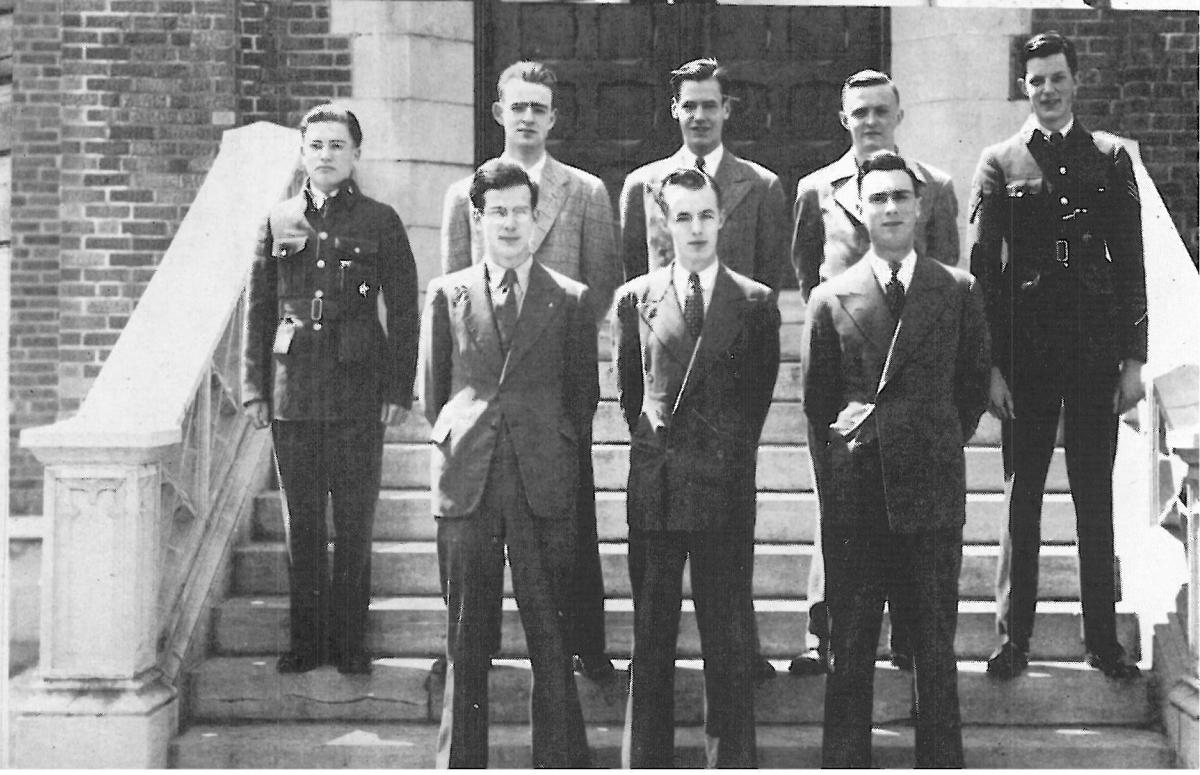
Front row: J. Colford,
Polan, President,
W'Brien.

2nd row: D. Walsh,
Labelle, R. Fau-

LOYOLA NEWS STAFF

Front row: M. Bonneau, F.
Monahan, *Editor-in-Chief*, R.
Meagher.

2nd row: B. Gollop, R. Lindsay,
R. Limoges, D. Bussière, C.
Phelan.



Dramatics

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

THE major dramatic production of the year was Macbeth. Thus a simple sentence might describe this year's dramatic achievement. Yet to players, stage crew, director, the audiences and the critics, the word Macbeth can tell a story which many sentences together need not, and could not tell here. New heights are first surveyed in silence. That the Dramatic Society rightly takes its place on a higher dramatic peak has been at the invitation of Montreal's leading dramatic critics.

Loyola has always associated a high tradition with its dramatic productions and the consensus of the critics is that the new tradition must now be Macbeth. The words of Mr. Herbert Whittaker, Montreal Gazette's keen analyst of Loyola dramatic productions, are proof of that claim.

"Earlier in the season this department reported on a production at Loyola College of Charley's Aunt and remarked that, while it was all right for the boys to have their fun, their production of that hoary farce was certainly not up to Loyola dramatic standard.

"That statement called forth considerable indignant comment. Charley's Aunt was not the annual major production of the Loyola College Dramatic Society, but the product of some frivolous fellows known as the Philosophers, it was pointed out. It was hoped that when the major college presentation was viewed that it would measure up to past traditions. Well, the production of Macbeth which the authentic dramatic society staged over the week-end, does measure up, we are glad to say. And to take into consideration the greater difficulties offered by this Shakespearian tragedy, it topped past achievements.

In aiming high, the group has climbed high. Its production under the direction of Rev. David Stanley, moved forward in admirable tempo with considerable force."

In further support the critic of the Montreal Herald said:

"The highly dramatic tale of 'Macbeth', one of the most bloody-minded, hypocritical villains in all of Shakespeare's long gallery of portraits, has often been referred to as the greatest of all the bard's tragedies, and Saturday evening's performance, climaxing a three-night festival of that masterpiece by the Loyola College Dramatic Society, did nothing to offset any part of the tradition on that score. Superb acting, enhanced by capable direction and particularly fine staging, a three-star combination in anybody's book, all contributed to make the epic a highly successful bit of acting."

In the leading roles, Guy Desjardins, of Junior, as Macbeth, and John O'Brien, of Sophomore, as Lady Macbeth, the society was richly endowed. The well-deserved praise that has come to them before this article only makes more clear that their acting—a thing of beauty—is a joy forever; both to themselves for their grand achievement, and to the audiences and critics who, in recalling their former dramatic successes, noted the steady upward progress in dramatic ability and technique of these two. The soul stirring soliloquies, the tensely emotional Sleep Walking scene, were the fitting climax of their years of acting.

As it comes to every actor, so to John McDougall, as Macduff, came the supreme moment of glory. On that final night, in the final tense moments of the play, John brought a new technique to that ever worrisome duel to the death with Macbeth. As our own Loyola news fittingly described it we can do no better than quote: "Macbeth and Macduff meet. They fight. It's the first clash. After will come their lines that clear up the last of the witches prophecies, and then,



SCENES FROM "MACBETH"

the fight to the death. But tonight as they thrust and parry, Macbeth's sword snaps and the blade goes whistling away. In the wings, actors and stage crew hold their breath. What can be done? Will the play be ruined? Then, relief almost overpowering. With the presence of mind of a veteran, Macduff throws his lines to the wind, and lunges fiercely at Macbeth, who falls into the wings with a loud death cry. The show is saved and runs smoothly and swiftly to the curtain."

Beyond doubt the work of the principal characters was enhanced by the enthusiastic support of those who carried minor roles, with the seriousness of purpose of a major character. Without the aid of Francis Higgins as Banquo; Rémi Limoges, Dominick McCormack, and David McKee, as the Three Witches; John Colford as King Duncan; Gregory Driscoll as the Porter, and Walter Baril as Fleance in the "major" minor roles, the success of Macbeth would have been impaired not a little. Patrick Devaux, John Asselin and Paul Delicaet portrayed the murder sequences with the ability of past masters in that fine art; Charles Phelan, Robert Glashan, and Philip Ready walked and talked with all the becoming graces of their roles as Noblemen of Scotland. And while commenting of the minor characters always in groups, to describe as best we might, how exceedingly well these players worked together, we must pay special tribute to Donald Paré, as Lady Macduff, and Hector Soublière, as the son of Macduff. In this their initial appearance they won for themselves, besides warm praise, the assurances that any future dramatic moderator will call on them again and again in future Loyola productions. John Paré, Antonio Larrea, John Asselin, Frederick Langan, William O'Leary, and John Branswell, were on the stage often as soldiers, who brought precision squad smartness back through the pages of history to the King of Scotland's Own Regiment.

The Doctor, Arthur Halley, and the Gentlewoman, Thomas Sullivan, provided that all necessary tense dialogue in the Sleep Walking scene. Lady Macbeth was well assured of masterful supporting characters in this most difficult of scenes.

Albert Schultz and John O'Malley as Ladies in Waiting, Frederick Brown, David Dohan, and Gordon Rioux as Servants and Messengers, Lorne Brown and Joseph DeClementi as Pages, portrayed with grace of action all the proprieties observed in a royal household. In grouping George Vanier and John Meagher, sons to the King of Scotland, we recognize in their acting the embodiment of kingly sons of a still more kingly father.

Michael Cashin, Francis O'Leary and Russell Breen merit as minor characters to be mentioned apart. Not because of casting alone, but because each as young Siward, Ross, and Seyton respectively, they truly played their singular parts so capably.

To the praise of the stage crew, of Drury Allen, Allan McDonald, Lloyd O'Toole, Daniel Duffy, Gerald Lawson and Robert Swinton, all under the artful management of Mervyn Labelle, and to Robert Fauteux and Darrell Walsh, the lighting technicians, we quote a well deserved passage from our critics:

"Surprisingly well done were two scenes on the heath in which the three weird sisters concoct their sinister prophecies, although it must be pointed out that the realism of their antics was aided in no small manner by some magnificent staging; the props and lighting were worthy of a professional production." P.G.M.—Montreal Herald.

While the student players and assistants gave their all to Macbeth they are fully aware of all that was given them by Mr. Hans Berends in his beautifully painted stage sets, and to Mr. John Ready, the Adviser. All, in the midst of the warm applause of the audiences, bow graciously to Messrs. Berends and Ready.

And thus this article must close. It is but an effort to appraise Macbeth in merited and just words. Yet in that effort we know we still fail in expressing a tribute to Mr. David Stanley, S.J., who, desirous of giving Loyola new glories, shouldered quietly and patiently the arduous work of direction. Aiding us, however, in that tribute is a recent statement of those who at present direct the destinies of Loyola: "Loyola and the Dramatic Society will witness a great loss when Mr. Stanley departs to continue his further studies in the Society."



"CHARLEY'S AUNT"

WHAT is folly to philosophers is comic relief to the man in the street—or in the pit. A little foolishness is not a dangerous thing, and may at times ease the dullness of stark reason and propriety. So at least thought the Loyola philosophers last December when they began the dramatic season with a revival of that hoary farce, the celebrated "Charley's Aunt". It happened that through a misunderstanding of our intentions some of the critics did not relish our accomplished capers; for the adjudicating eye seems not to have penetrated to the tongue within the cheek. But we all make mistakes; and as for "Charley's Aunt", we rollicked our way through it all, and managed to amuse not only the audience but even ourselves.

And in general we did not make a bad fist of things! Frank Higgins, for whose contagious jocularity and mimicry the piece seemed a perfect vehicle, was first-rate. The dear old lady from Brazil, "where the nuts come from", would have been more than proud to see him step into the shoes of such notables as W. S. Penley, Charlie Ruggles and Jack Benny. He had a fine, easy interpretation of the part, with a fair amount of originality in the way of byplay. His never-failing sense of an audience's reactions stood him in good stead throughout the varied stages of "the great impersonation". He deserved congratulations or a memorable rendition of the part, which the writer thought he did not sufficiently receive.

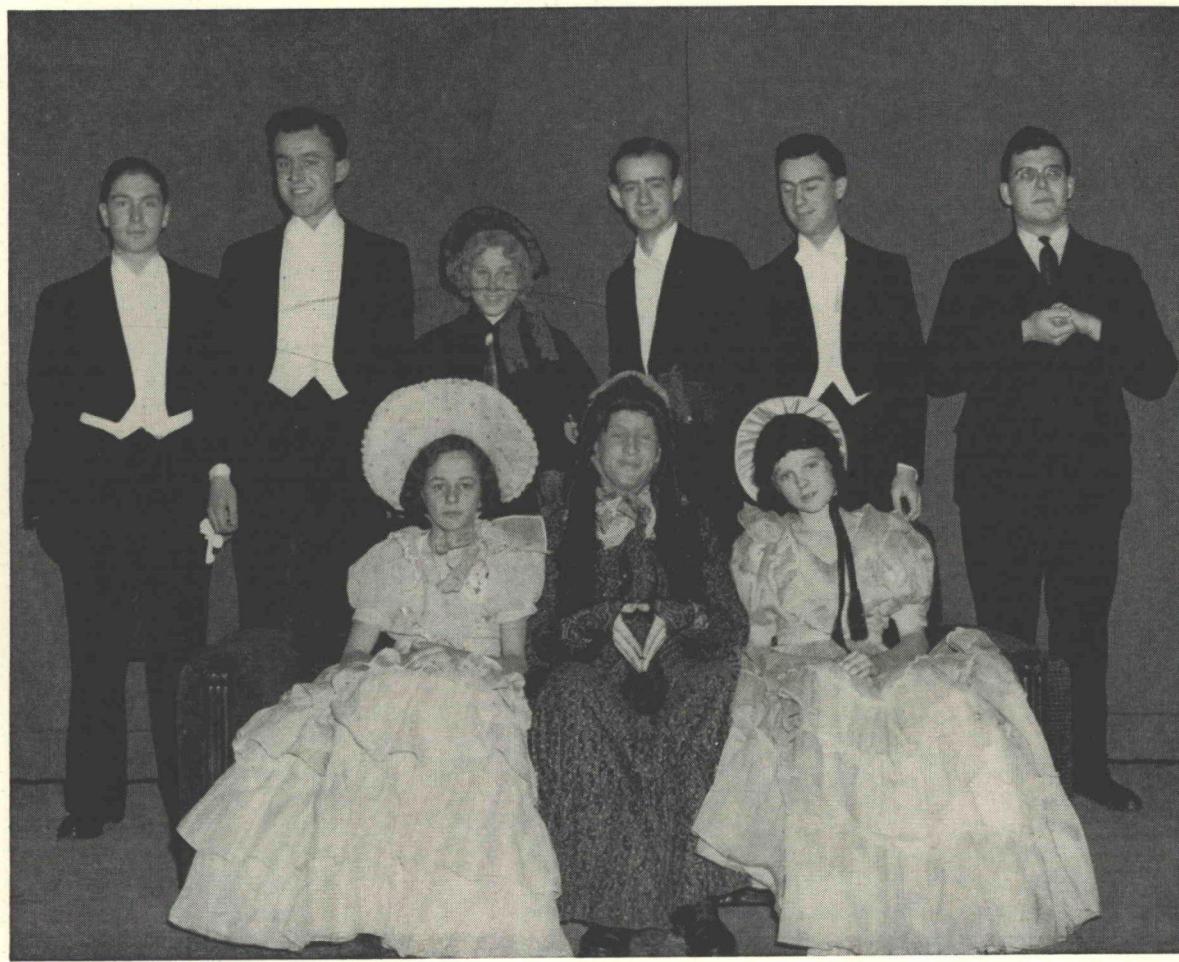
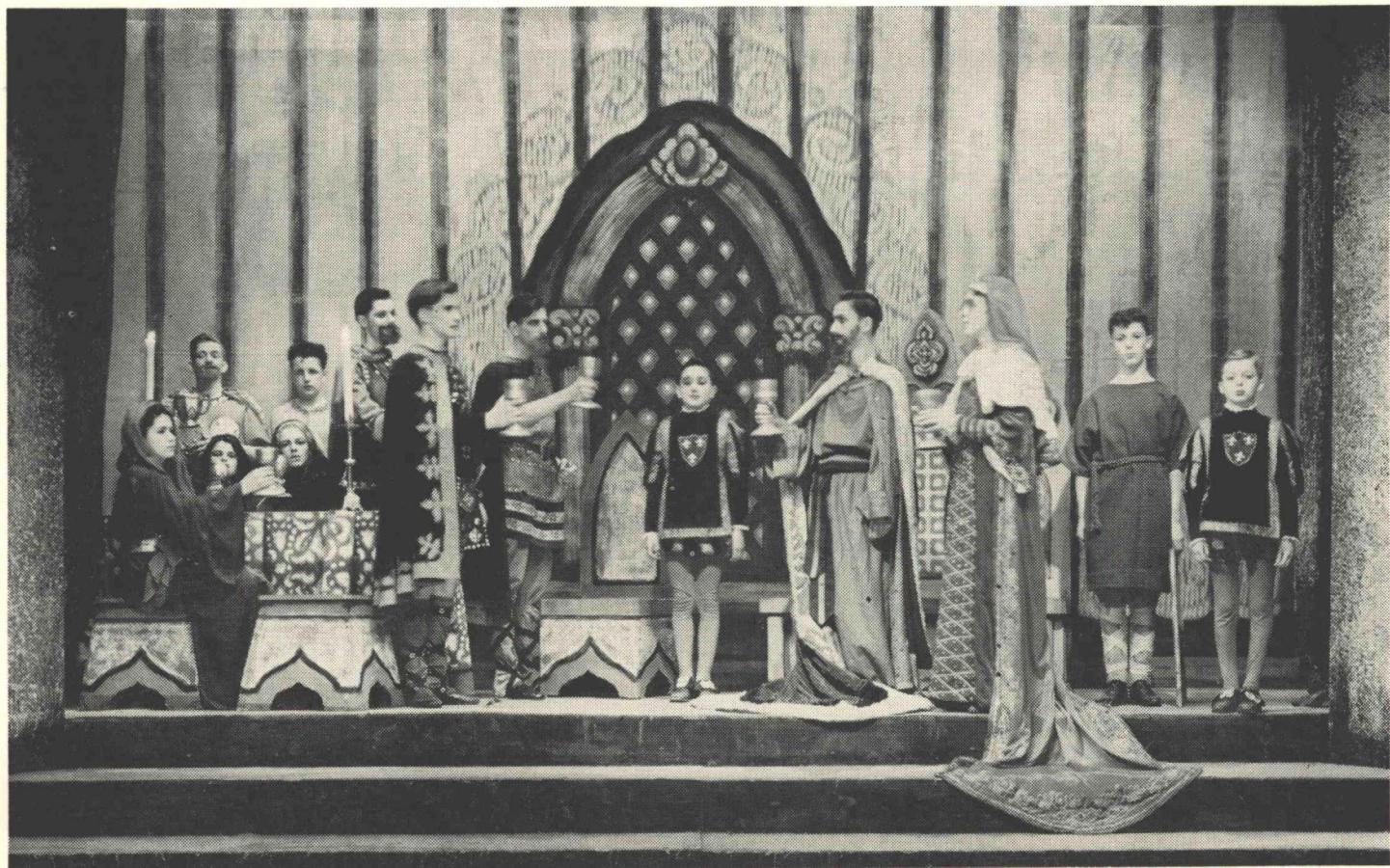
Robert Lindsay and Robert Meagher played the parts of Jack Chesney and Charley Wykeham. The former, as a debonaire Oxford undergraduate, carried his part well: he has the appearance, aplomb and savoir-faire which make a most useful combination on the stage. He has, perhaps, not yet developed voice-modulation and stage-easiness sufficiently to avoid an appearance of slight affectation before the footlights. He definitely has possibilities: he has come very far in his acting-technique during his years at Loyola. Bob Meagher, as the shy, poetic Charley, the famous Aunt's nephew, was not quite shy enough for a nineteenth-century undergraduate. His valiant attempts at an Oxford accent in pronouncing "aunt" were not entirely felicitous. He has a pleasant voice, a good appearance and an easy nonchalance which aid him over the rough places.

Gerald St. Cyr emerged from a series of rehearsals where he had left both director and co-actors fussed and fuming, if not actually foaming at the mouth, to give one of the finest character portrayals of the play. Gerry's trouble in rehearsal was underestimating the amount of time needed in the acquisition of at least a nodding acquaintance with the script. But as we all said after: it was worth the price!

Des Polan has come a long way in a short time: and he rose to the occasion in "Charley's Aunt" to give a smooth, rather impressive performance as Sir Francis Chesney. Brassett, as portrayed by Richard Blanchfield, was a faithful reproduction of such historical figures as Jeeves or the Admirable Crichton. His portrayal of the superior man-servant was carried off with dignity and aplomb. He even managed finally to remember all his entrance cues—a point which had us worried for a long time . . .

But we want to talk for a moment about three young men from Second High B.—Neville Tompkins, David Bussière, and John Kieran deserve a great deal of credit for their first appearance on the Loyola stage. John Kieran's delineation of the real Aunt, Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez was smart: we might even borrow a word from the French and say "piquant". Verve and vivacity are two dominant notes in the Kieran personality; and he did not fail to present them to the people across the footlights. Neville and Dave made two very attractive looking young demoiselles (take a look at their picture) of the mauve decade. Dave's self-conscious nervousness was a hindrance both to grace of movement and vivaciousness; but he played the part like a veteran. Neville has very definite dramatic ability. With the experience he is likely to get here at Loyola, we do not hesitate to forecast success as an actor. To him, as to the other junior members of the group, we say: "Here's hoping we see you soon again!"

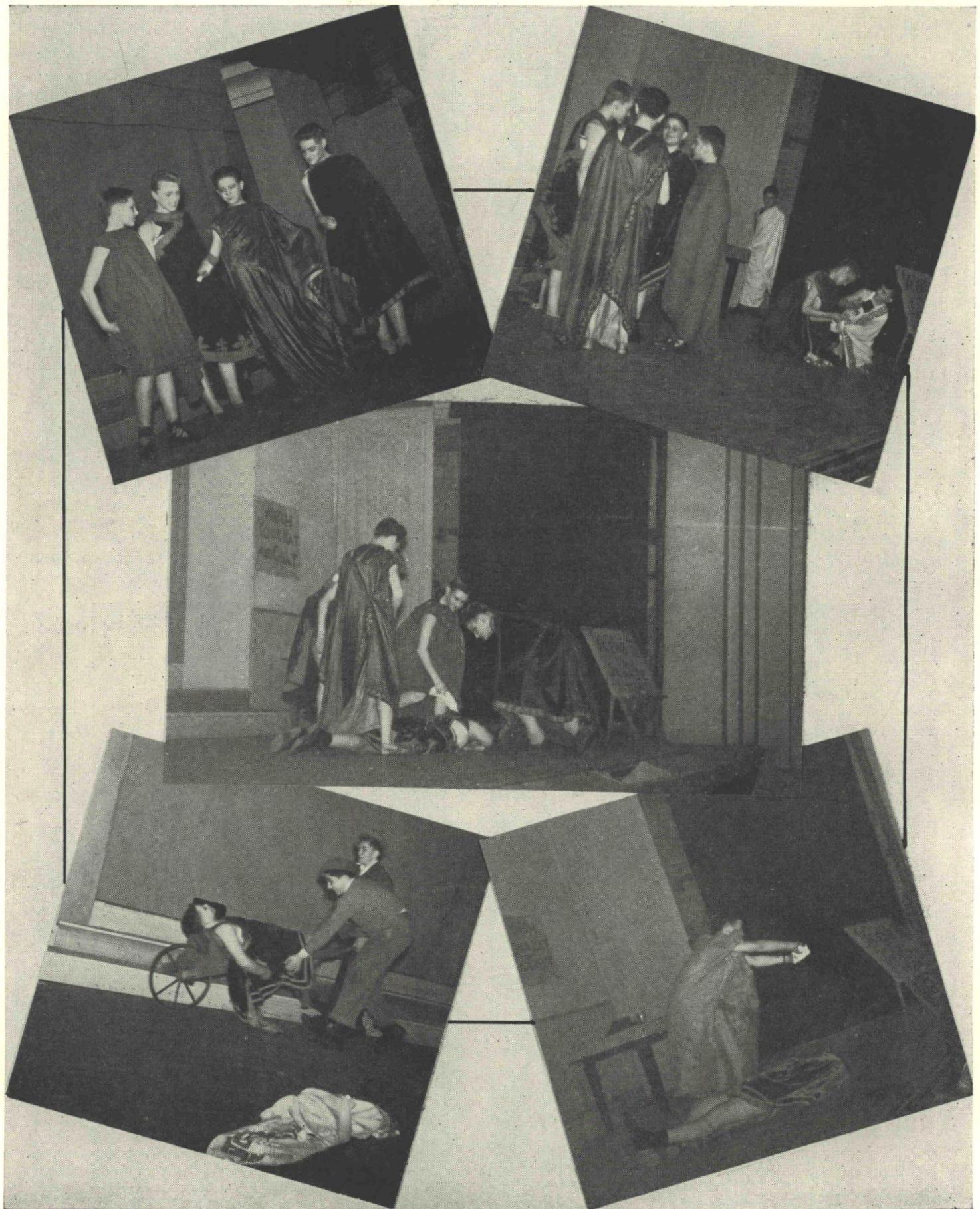
We have come this far without mentioning Merv Labelle and his wonderful workers backstage, among whom Bob Fauteux and Darrell Walsh are leading lights (pray pardon the pun.) Without them, there could have been no play; and the actors, I think, appreciate their thoughtful efficiency and never-failing encouragement at every turn in our productions. Crawford Lindsay, I might say, deserves a niche too in the hall of fame for his unflagging generosity and an almost uncanny efficiency in the collection and distribution of properties. We members of the Dramatic Society cannot even get a concept of a play which is not "propped" by Crawf's unfailing hand and more than brightened by his contagious cheerfulness.



Top: THE TOAST TO MACBETH AND HIS LADY

Bottom: CAST OF "CHARLEY'S AUNT"

Seated: David Bussière, Frank Higgins, Neville Tompkins. *Standing:* Gerald St. Cyr, Desmond Polan, John Kieran, Robert Lindsay, Bob Meagher, Richard Blanchfield.



SCENES FROM SECOND HIGH CLASS SPECIMEN
J. Caesar: A skit.

IMPRESIONES DE CANADA

Mis cuatro años de permanencia como estudiante en este país están próximos a terminar. Mi mente recorre el velo del pasado y mi espíritu reflexiona y repasa las primeras impresiones de aquellos primeros meses, cuando lejos de mi hogar y de mi tierra sentía la nostalgia y mi espíritu se sentía abrumado por la tristeza. Estaba en un lugar que era entonces para mí extraño . . . el Canadá.

Que tesoro inapreciable es la juventud! Ella es atrevida, fuerte, curiosa. Estos atributos de ese preciado tesoro hicieron que pronto me interesara en conocer mis alrededores, que empezara a investigar el modo de ser de mis compañeros, y que tuviera curiosidad por conocer sus sentimientos, aspiraciones y su trato personal para con extraños. Han pasado los meses y los años y me siento satisfecho. Hecho un balance general de la situación el resultado es muy favorable tanto para el país como para sus habitantes.

Canadá es un país encantador, rico, prometedor. Vastas regiones de gran riqueza agrícola y minera llaman al hombre para que contribuya a su desarrollo. Su población actual no es suficiente para atender, debidamente esta llamada y ello significa que la futura expansión de este país está asegurada para sus habitantes.

El Canadiense es un tipo jovial, amable, comprensivo y sumamente laborioso. He podido observar esto entre mis compañeros y en mi contacto con el público fuera del colegio. La cultura de la región sur este del Canadá es una mezcla de la Anglo Sajona y Francesa. Su historia ha vinculado estas dos culturas. Las otras provincias son predominantemente de una cultura Anglo Sajona. En la primera región mencionada la lengua Francesa está en mayor uso y las instituciones sociales, culturales y religiosas son eminentemente de la vieja Francia. Nuestra Santa Iglesia tiene un sitial incombustible en el alma del pueblo Canadiense.

En este país se practican mucho los deportes. Esto es natural en un pueblo sano y vigoroso, plenórico de salud y muy adicto al desarrollo físico a la par que cultivan y desarrollan la mente. Durante las épocas de verano y otoño los deportes son más fuertes. En la época otoñal se juega el football y en el verano el baseball que puede llamarse el deporte nacional, igual que en la nación Norteamericana. En la primavera se juega Tennis y Basket ball. Durante el invierno, aparte de skiing, el juego principal es Hockey, deporte fuerte, rápido y que requiere una gran agilidad y una gran destreza. Los Canadienses son los jugadores de Hockey mas famosos del mundo y sus jugadores son muy apreciados en los equipos de los Estados Unidos en donde este deporte también tiene gran arraigo. Entre los diversos colegios existe una gran rivalidad en el campo de los deportes, especialmente en football y hockey, y el público mantiene gran entusiasmo y alienta mucho a los jóvenes.

El clima de este país es algo que merece parrafo aparte. Al igual que otros países de la zona templada, el Canadá tiene sus cuatro estaciones bien definidas, pero aquí se observa algo más que en otros lugares el cambio radical entre unas regiones del país y otras. Mientras que en la parte sur el invierno es fuerte y frio, húmedo y algo desagradable en ocasiones, sin embargo en las provincias del norte aunque también muy frio y prolongado, el invierno es seco, muy saludable y más llevadero. El otoño aunque de bello colorido siempre resulta triste por la transición entre los vivos colores verdes del verano y los sombríos colores que dan a uno la impresión de que se acaba la vida y se entra en el, periodo del estancamiento, aunque en realidad esto no resulta así, ya que la vida invernal es sumamente activa. La primavera es gloriosa, es el resurgimiento a la nueva vida y un gran alivio para la mente y el cuerpo después de la rudeza del invierno. Es verdaderamente interesante observar estos cambios y el efecto que producen en la mente y en la actividad humana. Creo que los países templados son privilegiados en el sentido de que constantemente hay una renovación, algo nuevo, nuevos horizontes.

Espero haber dejado con estas observaciones ligeras una buena impresión en mis lectores acerca de este hermoso y hospitalario país que merece todas mis alabanzas y es digno de ser conocido por todos los Latino Americanos. En mí tendrá siempre un recuerdo grato y un agradecimiento sincero pues es aquí donde he formado mi carácter y mi mente durante los primeros años de la adolescencia. El recuerdo y la gratitud serán imborrables.

Las relaciones de nuestro colegio con otras instituciones de enseñanza en el Canadá son muy cordiales y provechosas. También las tenemos con algunos colegios del exterior y no quiero cerrar este corto artículo sin hacer especial mención de nuestra gratitud al Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepción de Santa Fé, Argentina, por el envío de sus revistas colegiales que han sido muy apreciadas por instructivas e interesantes. Esta relación entre colegios es de gran provecho y mantiene latente lo que Cicerón el Romano de la época de Julio Cesar llamaba "quoddam commune vinculum", o sea el vínculo común entre nuestras instituciones, que, aún cuando, geográficamente distantes, están muy cerca y unidas por una fe y un ideal común. Que así continúe para la Mayor Gloria de Dios.

GABRIEL DE LA HABA, JR., H. S. '43.



Debating

INDEED, the rigour and emergency of present world events have caused all the universities and colleges throughout the land to curtail many of their extra-curricular activities. Thus many of the competitions have disappeared for the present. Nevertheless debating still survives, and this year has shown much life. Truly, debating stands out as a fitting paradox to that which the enemy has suppressed in the conquered lands in no mean terms. Yes, debating stands out to remind all of us that we still have our treasured freedom of speech. This form of inter-university competition serves as an important means of bringing together students of different thought. They come together as gentlemen to discuss their views concerning the major problems of the present day.

Early in this scholastic year, the different members of the Inter-University Debating League sent their delegates to Ottawa to lay plans for the forthcoming tournament. Each University and College was entitled to present a fitting subject for debate. The subject finally agreed upon centred about the all-important topic of: "RESOLVED, THAT INDIA'S DEMAND FOR DOMINION STATUS IS JUSTIFIED". What is to be noted here is that when the actual debating period came about, this very matter of India's independence was foremost in our minds. We all remember the Cripps Mission and Mohandas K. Ghandi's fast of defiance as well as the nation-wide disturbances spread throughout India.

Into this tournament Loyola put forth her best men. Shortly before the Christmas Vacation, each of the members of Junior and Senior was allowed to present his respective talents and ability as a debater. Then each student voted for the four men whom he considered worthy to represent Loyola. After consultation with the Faculty, the chosen men were Robert Joyce and James Hemens for the Affirmative, while George Vanier and Guy Desjardins were given the Negative. Here we should note that of these four men, three were new to the League. Robert Joyce had already proved his value the previous year, and possibly he can be claimed as Loyola's outstanding debater of the year. James Hemens certainly came out into the lime-light as a debater. His oratory and statement of facts were impressive. Yes, the Affirmative presented a solid case, bringing forth the terms of the recently formed Atlantic Charter. Their first effort was against Queen's University. Through some misfortune, Queen's were only able to send down one man to defend their side. Nevertheless their one man showed the proper spirit and must be credited for the fact that he had to prepare two full length speeches. In the final part of the tournament, the Affirmative travelled up to Hamilton to debate against McMaster. Here the odds

were somewhat heavy, and as a result Loyola ceded this decision by a narrow margin. On the other side of the question, our Negative team was more fortunate. George Vanier showed his value and his mannerly arguments certainly set his opponents thinking. Guy Desjardins has certainly earned his due credit. Not only was he chosen as one of our prize debaters, but he was also chosen to play the leading role in Macbeth. His style of oratory certainly swayed the audience to his side. While the Affirmative debated here against Queen's, the Negative went up to the Capital City to debate against the University of Ottawa. In this preliminary tournament, Loyola took both decisions: the Affirmative winning at home and the Negative winning at Ottawa. The finals saw our Negative team at home debating against last year's winners, McMaster. Here we took the decision by a good margin.

The granting of the Beatty Trophy, symbolic of the Dominion Championship, is awarded to the college attaining the highest number of points. Loyola wasted no time in winning enough points to bring the trophy back to the College. Nor is this the first time; rather it is the eighth time. Back in 1936, Loyola won this trophy for three successive years. Another note of interest was the good attendance at these debates. To have a good attendance is a great support for any speaker. Indeed, Loyola is proud of these men and let us trust that next year, if all goes well, Loyola's debating team will prove itself as capable and as victorious as this year's Dominion Champions.

It would be well to mention a few words concerning our Intra-Mural League. This League consists of the four college classes. During the year, we had three debates, in which the Loyola team, composed of Juniors and Seniors, were the winners. These debates fulfil a twofold purpose. First of all, they stimulate interest in debating, so that from the beginning of College, a student has the chance to exercise his talents. Furthermore, these debates give the executive of the Debating Society an idea of who are the up and coming debaters for Loyola. Truly it is no easy task to get up before an audience and defend your case. It takes training and above all it takes practice. This needed practice is one of the prime objects of the Intra-Mural Debating League.

Thus ends the year 1942-43. Let us hope that next year, Loyola may prove herself again successful in this field of debating.

JOHN COLFORD, '44.

• • •

Immaculate Conception

*The Lily hides her ugly head
In Beauty's presence shamed;
The snow-drop, false-claimed honors shed,
Sees Purity proclaimed.*

JAMES C. MEILL, '43.

EXCHANGES

THIS year, perhaps because of war conditions, we received fewer reviews than usual. However, though few in number, they compare favorably with past records. All are particularly good. The formats arouse curiosity and this reviewer enjoyed reading the books. We have divided them into two groups: those offering a variety of articles of interest to the outsider, and those which, containing well written essays, nevertheless are limited to events and personalities peculiar to a particular school.

The following are of interest to the General Public:

- The Muse, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario.
Excellent prose dealing with war topics.
- Oakwood Oracle, Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ontario.
Excellent prose on a variety of subjects.
- The Mitre, Bishops' College, Lennoxville, Quebec.
Good prose but suffers from a complete lack of photography.
- Sir George Williams Annual, Sir George Williams College, Montreal.
Good prose and poetry.
- Loretto Rainbow, Loretto Schools of Canada and U.S.A.
Excellent prose, poetry and photography.
- St. Xavier's Magazine, St. Xavier's University, Calcutta, India.
Excellent articles on literature and science.
- The Stylus, Boston College, Boston, Mass.
Excellent prose and poetry.

The following confine their appeal to a limited group:

- The Black and White—Catholic High School, Montreal, Quebec.
- West Hill High School Annual—West Hill High School, Montreal, Quebec.
- Mungret Annual—Mungret College, Limerick, Eire.
- The Clongowian—Clongowes Wood College, Naas, County Kildare, Eire.
- The Mountaineer—Mt. St. Mary's College, Spinkhill, England.
- The College Times—Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ontario.
- Pickering College—Newmarket, Ontario.
- The Campion—Campion College, Regina, Sask.
- The Collegian—St. Mary's College, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

H. HALL, '46.

The Witchery of Snow

All night the frolic snow had played
Amid the street-light's ray;
Each ray with shimmering fingers made
A hidden jewel blaze.
And watching there the wondrous sight,
Light-glimmered in the snow,
My raptured senses took to flight,
My mind began to go.

Oh, where was I? I know not where!
I dreamed a blithe romance;
I'd found a hidden pirate's lair
And treasure in my trance.

'Twas distant, all that sought mine eyes,
Those days were long passed by.
Yet could it be? It seemed to rise—
A pile of jewels, heaped on high . . .
Then suddenly from sleep I woke,
For it had ceased to snow.

I started in to sneeze and choke
And my red nose to blow.
And now my lay might end, it might—
Its moral, pray you, note—
Don't drowse upon a winter's night,
Or else—put on your coat.

CHARLES CONROY, H.S. '45.

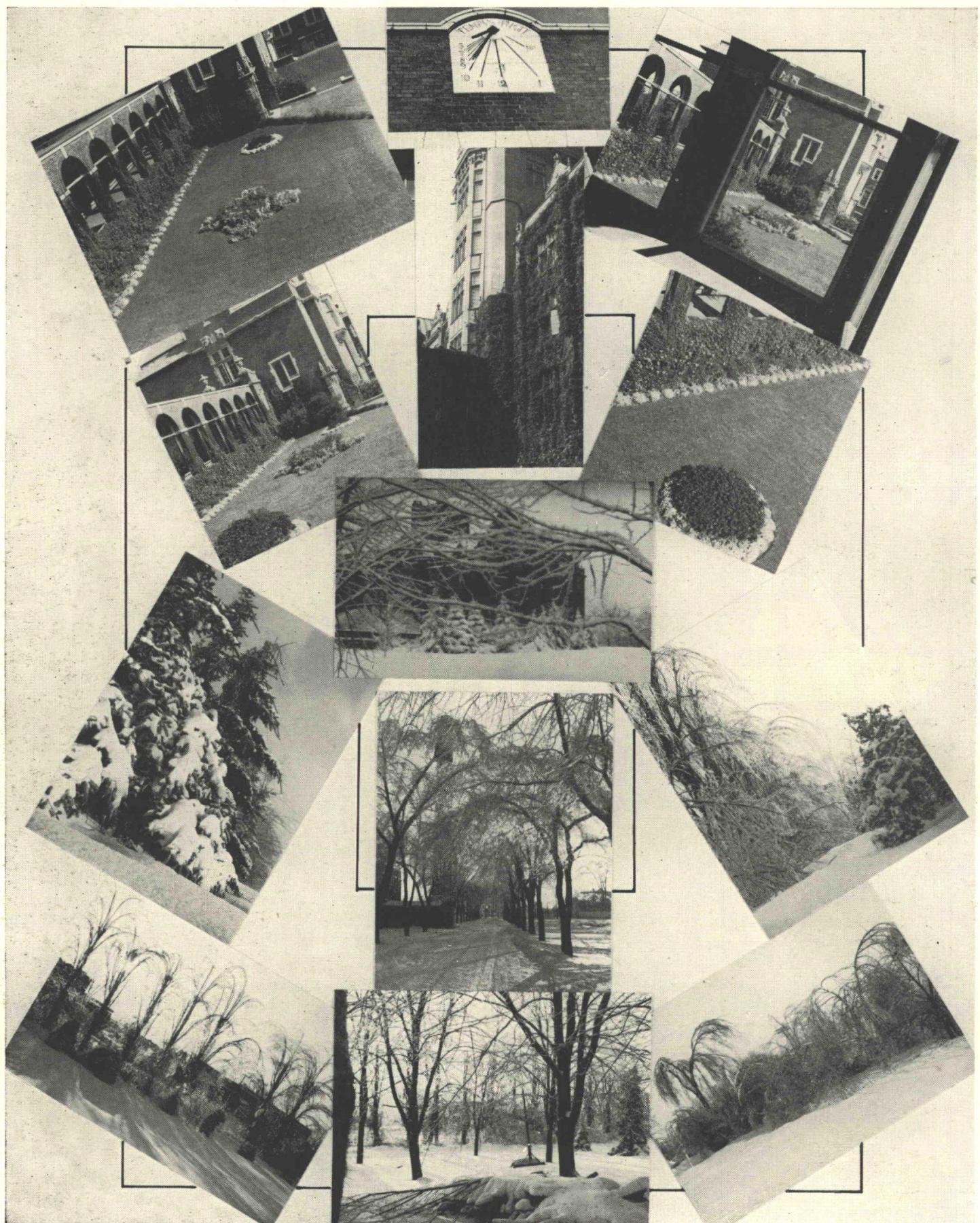


SENIOR AND JUNIOR BOARDERS' CLUBS

Top left: Spifires, Senior Hockey Champions. *Seated:* F. Brown, C. Simard, R. Labrosse. *Standing:* G. Rowan, J. Sardi, F. O'Leary, A. Colmenares, M. Hattem, D. Allen, E. Corrigan, R. Maher, A. Larrea.

Left centre: A. Colmenares, R. Carrière, A. Larrea, guest stars. *Centre:* Club Officers: L. Lebrun, A. Burns, President, J. Sardi, F. Mateu. *Right centre:* Retiring Officers: R. Colmenares, F. O'Leary, E. Corrigan, D. Crawford.

Bottom right: Junior Hockey Champions. *Seated:* J. Pizzagalli, C. Conroy, T. Brown, Capt., R. Clayton, G. Habib. *Standing:* G. Rowan, Coach, G. Lynch-Staunton, N. Paige, P. Egan.



LOYOLA: SUMMER AND WINTER



Top left: Bro. Wolke freshening up the Stadium. *Top centre:* Van and Ernie. *Top right:* Eddie Corrigan and his 5 o'clock shadow.

Left centre: The Three Musketeers: John Dunn, Michael Brown and Harry Hannon. *Centre and right centre:* Freddy Mateu, Dave Dohan, Mark Niedzwiedzki and Hank Tous scatter Winter's remains.

Bottom left and right: The last breath of Winter: May First !!!! *Bottom centre:* Mark Niedzwiedzki.



FOURTH HIGH A

Front row: L. Walsh, F. Langan,
Vice-President, D. Bussière, Presi-
dent, B. Gollop, Secretary, V.
Ryan.

2nd row: G. Panneton, J. Leahy, F.
Girard, J. McGee.

3rd row: H. Kerrin, R. Johnson, J.
Meagher, G. Driscoll, C. Bon-
homme.

4th row: W. Kurys, B. Danaher, Y.
Cordeau, R. Carrière, L. Renaud.

5th row: P. Faughnan, A. Colme-
nares, P. Orr, A. Boisjoli, C.
Dorion.

6th row: P. Ready, F. Connors, C.
Phelan, N. Renzi, H. Dansereau,
L. Camirand, L. Doherty.



FOURTH HIGH B

Front row: M. Doyle, J.
Callaghan, V. Amengual,
Vice-President, W. Humes,
President, T. Seasons, Secre-
tary, E. McEconomy, Rev.
R. M. Cadwallader, S.J.

2nd row: L. Facella, R.
Duffy, P. Marchessault,
S. Clerk, R. Guimond, G.
Flanagan, W. Kennedy, P.
McAvoy.

3rd row: G. de la Haba, J.
Reeder, A. Larrea, G.
Gallagher, J. Leslie, K.
Shea, J. McKenna, K.
Kohler, M. Mangan.

4th row: P. McGee, J. Tous,
E. Corrigan, R. Colme-
nares, R. McDougall, W.
McCarney.



THIRD HIGH A

Front row: E. Costello, J. Branswell, L. Charbonneau, P. Butzer, Vice-President, W. Pelton, President, M. O'Neill, Secretary, P. Norris, G. Reynolds, Mr. D. Daly, S.J.

2nd row: H. Gregory, J. Benford, T. Carter, E. Roberts, D. Murphy, F. McGee, A. Brown, D. Maclean.

3rd row: H. Macrae, E. O'Brien, J. Caron, R. Alcock, M. Laliberté.

4th row: H. Magnan, R. Finlayson, R. Sutherland, M. Cashin, A. Burns, F. McKinney, H. Hudon.

5th row: J. Lally, L. Brennán, J. Lavigne, J. Barrière, J. McGee.



THIRD HIGH B

Front row: V. Luciani, S. Davidsson, K. English, Vice-President, J. Paré, President, F. O'Leary, Secretary, P. Cutler.

2nd row: L. Stewart, G. Emblem, P. Delicaet, D. Allen, J. Bureau, O. Maloney.

3rd row: F. Mateu, P. McCaffery, G. Hemming, R. Maher, G. Lebrun, D. Dohan, R. Perris, J. Duffy, R. Boyle.

4th row: G. Rioux, L. Lebrun, R. Charette, K. McCarney, L. Harris, N. McDonald, J. Boileau, W. Glennon.

5th row: J. Sardi, A. Gauthier, R. Gauthier, R. Brown, J. Mulligan, G. Hicks, S. Rondina, L. Brophy, C. Simard, M. McArdle.



SECOND HIGH A

Front row: P. Girard, L. Barrette, G. Payette, Vice-President, R. Macdonald, President, T. Sullivan, Secretary, G. Madigan, Rev. F. Breslin, S.J.

2nd row: J. Leclerc, R. Soublière, G. Loughman, C. Conroy, R. Fusey, W. Callaghan, M. Overhoff.

3rd row: H. Power, F. Lacombe, H. Hollingsworth, P. Fauteux, R. Jelley, D. McCunn, E. Gallagher.

4th row: R. Poole, E. Nevin, R. Macdonald, C. Roberts, H. Punt, B. O'Neill, M. Malone.

5th row: J. Clayton, A. Anetzberger, K. McCabe, G. Wilcock, J. Mondor, A. Wickham, R. Andrews, M. McCrory.



SECOND HIGH B

Front row: P. Clerk, P. Tremblay, Vice-President, P. Lennon, President, D. Khouri, Secretary, W. Baril, D. Lunny.

2nd row: R. Brown, H. Hannon, L. Heslop, M. Browne, K. Whimbey, E. Trudel, N. Dodge.

3rd row: E. Murphy, D. Bussière, F. McGuire, F. Brown, Z. Brzezinski, N. Tompkins.

4th row: C. Brown, G. Rowan, F. Facella, E. Rooney, J. Corcoran, M. Janna.

5th row: J. Kieran, M. Boileau, R. Labrosse, A. Crevier, A. White, A. Schutz, W. Barry, S. Dequoy.

6th row: P. Bégin, R. Paquin, H. Cullain, G. Lawson, M. Hattem, T. Bonner.



FIRST HIGH A

Front row: H. Hannan, H. Soublière, R. Clayton, Vice-President, J. O'Malley, President, D. Suddaby, Secretary, H. McCaig.

2nd row: A. Brzezinski, G. Franklin, B. Flanagan, T. Pope, P. Côté, D. McAthey.

3rd row: E. Howard, D. Laberge, A. Laverty, K. Ingram, R. Thornton.

4th row: J. Gutelius, V. Connolly, T. O'Toole, W. Crawford, W. Dyson.

5th row: U. Mangan, C. Bortnowski, G. Vivyan, M. McElligott, E. Hajaly, F. McGibbon, K. Mooney, D. Ryan, L. Amengual.



FIRST HIGH B

Front row: R. Dolfuss, J. Ranger, J. Lanther, Vice-President, F. Wickham, Secretary, P. Gallagher, Mr. T. Doyle, S.J.

2nd row: G. Drolet, P. Collins, A. Reynolds, P. Brophy, J. Laws, D. Paré.

3rd row: J. Berlinguette, R. Haran, B. Hollingsworth, P. O'Neill, J. McIntyre.

4th row: H. Lacroix, C. Ready, F. O'Shaughnessy, F. Foley, S. Sosnkowski, L. Cassidy.

5th row: W. McLeod, B. LeBlanc, F. Swift, H. Morel, P. Asselin, E. McInerney, R. Coates, H. Timmins, R. Shaw, W. McVey, G. Broderick, C. Kohler. *Inset:* A. Jones, President.

FIRST HIGH C

Front row: F. Meagher, *Treas.*, D. Burke, *Vice-President*, R. Marchessault, *President*, J. O'Shaughnessy, *Secretary*, T. Brown, Mr. J. McDonough, S.J.

2nd row: P. Larocque, J. Pizzagalli, J. O'Brien, C. Cyr, J. Dunn, H. Bygate, J. Gaudette.

3rd row: P. Hayes, R. Rose, T. Crawford, P. Reid, B. Murray, J. MacLellan.

4th row: A. Habib, G. Souaid, E. LeSage, A. McIver.

5th row: G. Lynch-Staunton, G. Morissette, A. Gilmore, G. McCarthy, M. P. Cashin.

6th row: P. Egan, H. Tous, J. Kennedy, W. O'Leary, F. McArdle, P. Rodrigue, J. Danaher.

SENIOR PREPARATORY

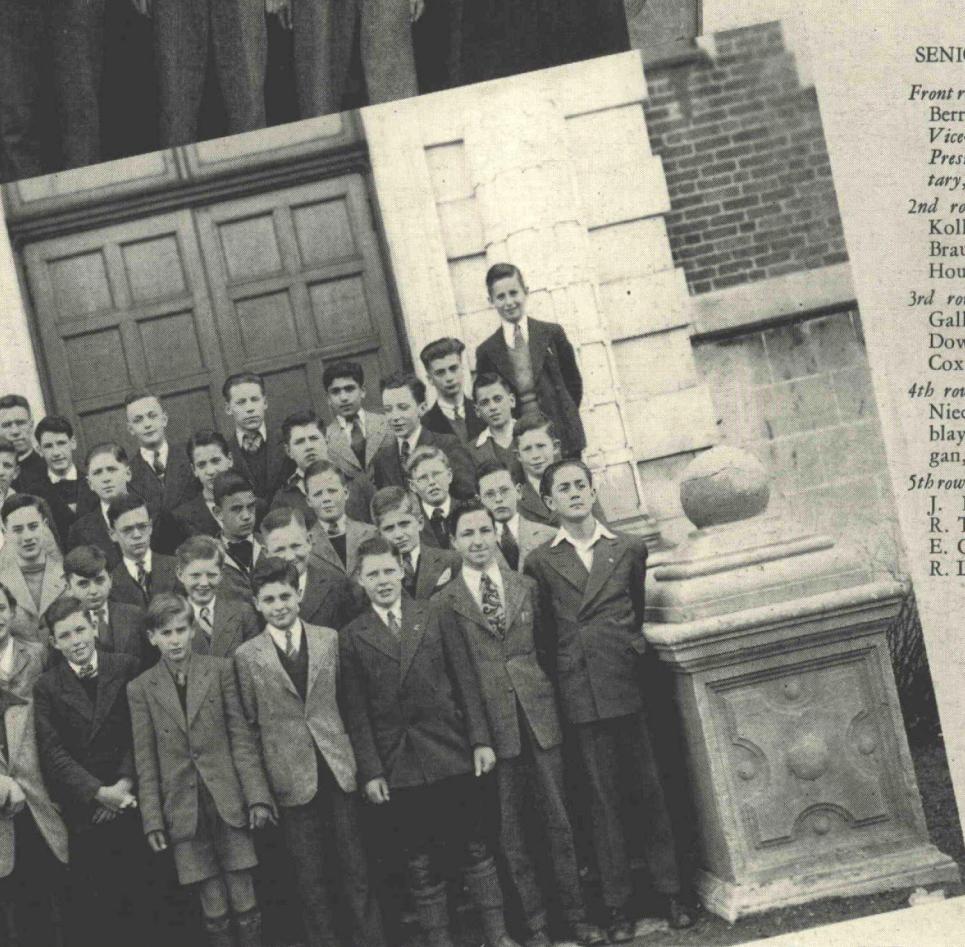
Front row: J. Di Clementi, D. Berryman, P. Hamilton, *Vice-President*, A. Galardo, *President*, B. Aubin, *Secretary*, H. Briglio, L. Tous.

2nd row: G. Sperling, A. Koller, W. Caney, R. Brault, W. Gutelius, R. Hough.

3rd row: J. Desrosiers, J. Gallagher, R. Elie, B. Dowling, T. Stacey, J. Cox.

4th row: R. Kosobook, N. Niedzwiedzki, R. Tremblay, J. Delaney, W. Madigan, J. Deery.

5th row: Mr. J. Toppings, S.J., J. Beauvais, C. Butler, R. Touchette, F. Gédéon, E. Chamandy, G. Larose, R. Lawlor.

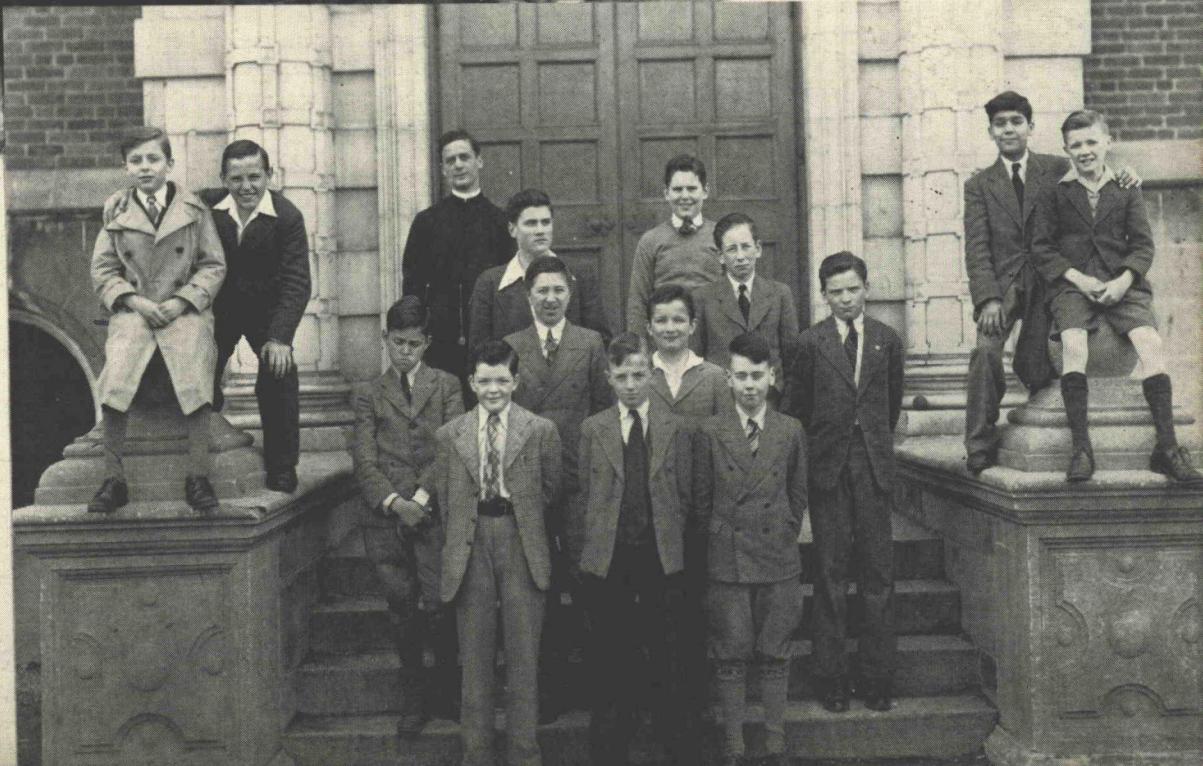


JUNIOR PREPARATORY

Front row: P. Cashin, S. Naylor, P. Mercier.

2nd row: L. Brown, *President*, J. Drury, R. Milne, J. Pocobut, J. Sosnkowski, T. Timmins, G. Habib, M. O'Doherty, *Secretary*.

3rd row: Mr. P. Ambrosie, S.J., N. Paige, *Vice-President*, J. Tremain, J. Tassé.



Athletics

COLLEGE HOCKEY

LAST December it looked as if college hockey would be confined to the usual Intra-Mural League. Collegiate competition, on a large scale, was banned as a necessary war measure and games against McGill, Bishops and Royal Military College were out for the duration. Loyola was no longer in the National Defense League, so the outlook was very dark indeed as the athletic directors tried to arrange some hockey for the fine talent that was being wasted in the college course. Chiefly through the efforts of Mr. McGinnis and Bob Brodrick a tentative schedule was drawn up and a college hockey team was a reality.

The success of this team was re-enacted after the final game of the season against the Navy at St. Hyacinthe's new ice emporium as the boys were getting dressed to go out and see what the little French town had to offer. A few of the defeated sailors came in to congratulate our victorious band and one of the Tars asked this observer what sort of a season the team had enjoyed.

"Well, our first game was against the Junior Royals, a team in the Junior League at the Forum, you know. After a swell game we beat the Royals by a 5 to 3 count. The Porteous twins and their linemate, Cliff Malone, dominated the scoring, just as they did through most of the season."

"Porteous, eh?" murmured the sailor, "that's the fellow who scored the winning goal tonight, isn't it?"

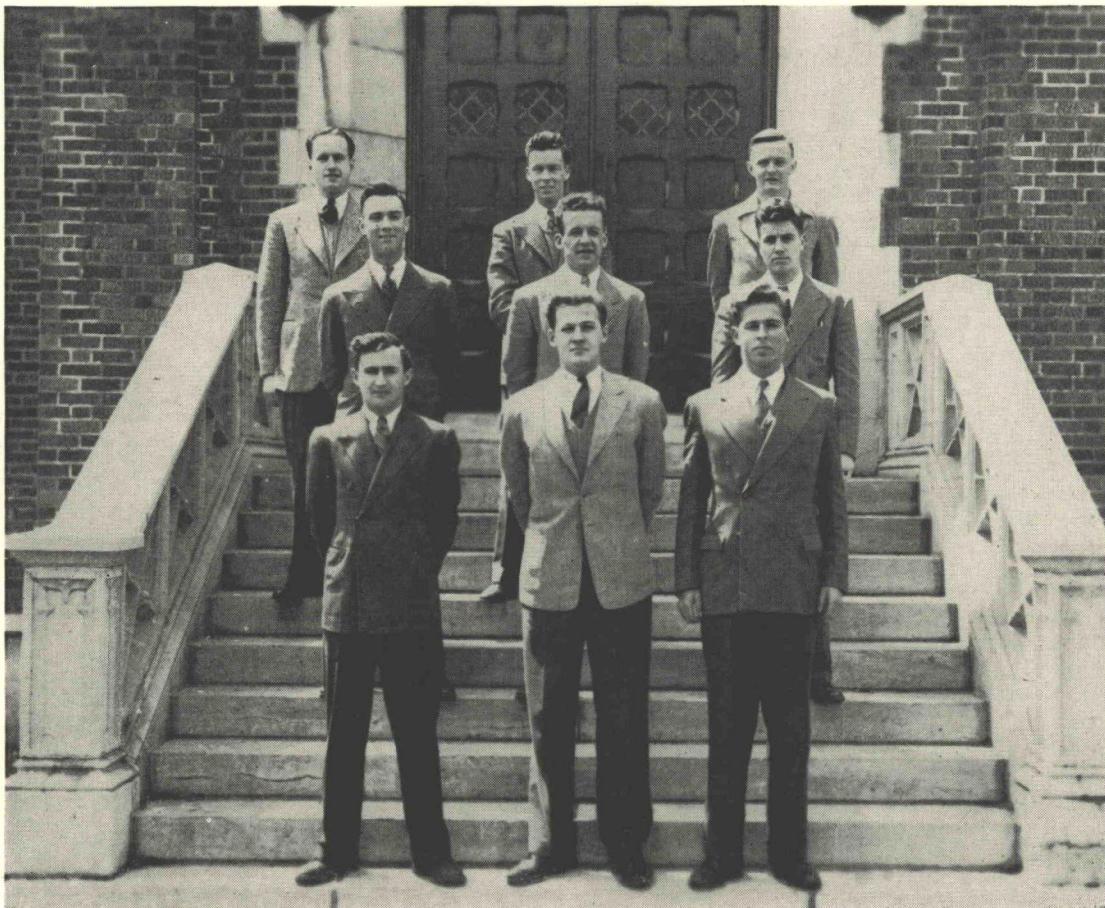
"You guessed it, but it's nothing new for him to break up close games. That's the one you're talking about over there. That's Danny, and he's really some hockey player, easy on the eyes, you know. But his kid brother is no slouch either. That's Frank. He's not very big, but he's a real fighter and he can shift like Buddy O'Connor. He's the only Loyola player who made the High School all-star team at home. The third man on that line is Cliff Malone and most of the boys think he's got the most promise in the whole school. He should go far, because he can skate, shift and, when he's got the puck around the other team's net, he knows where to plant it."

As I was extolling the virtues of our first line the sailor kept glancing towards the door as a few of our puckchasers made their way to the Bi-Jou.

"Oh, those are a few of our stalwarts. The first guy that went out was Ross Hutchings, one of the veterans of the team. Hutch scored the first goal tonight and he's a fine hockey player. He doesn't look so classy out there, but he knows all the tricks of the trade. The fellow with him was George Morley, the other vet. George hasn't played much this year, but he was very strong tonight. He's a rugged defenseman, a good team player.

"To get back to our schedule. We then played a two-game series with Mount Royal Juniors, winners of their League out at Lachine. We split the pot with the north-enders by taking the first game and dropping the second one. Neither of these tussles was anything like that game tonight.

"Well, I'm almost finished because we only played one more game, against the Quebec Air Force. We met our first decisive defeat at the hands of these boys, but we gave them a good fight. A lot of people told me that they hadn't seen many games as good as that one. It was a good game, but we would have given them a better fight if we had had our full team. Oh, this isn't an excuse because they were really a classy outfit, but most of our stalwarts were fulfilling social engagements that night and we had to call up a few of the High School players.



L.C.A.A. EXECUTIVE

Front row: D. McDonald, R. Brodrick, President, R. Swinton.

2nd row: R. Meagher, M. Labelle, J. O'Neill.

3rd row: G. Morley, C. Gribbin, D. Bussière.

"That's the whole story of our college hockey, but the boys had a lot of fun and that's what really counts."

"That's right," replied the sailor. "Well, I'm due in barracks in ten minutes so I'll have to go, thanks a lot and so long."

Our sailor friend and his companions had left and most of our pucksters had sauntered downtown to view the heart of St. Hyacinthe and your reporter hurried to the press-room to send in his report of the game to the St. Hyacinthe Daily. Here is a reprint of that story of the "College Loyola" vs. "St. Hyacinthe Navy".

"Five hundred rabid hockey fans braved the inclement weather to see one of the most thrilling games ever played at the puck theatre here at St. Hyacinthe. The Loyola aggregation was an unknown power, but after a few minutes of play it could be easily seen that they would give the seamen a good argument. Ross Hutchings opened the scoring for the Collegians at the one minute mark and from then on it was a real see-saw battle with the heavier sailors tiring out the Montreal lads in the opening frame, but with the boys in Maroon coming right back to outskate their opponents and take the close overtime verdict. The first-line trio of the Porteous brothers and Cliff Malone led the scoring spree, but it was the work of stocky Bob Brodrick on the Loyola defense that caught the fancy of the onlookers. The blond giant did play a stellar game and to the mind of this observer he held the young Collegians together throughout the fray. The fans also liked the efforts turned in by the Loyola second and third lines and, although these boys were outshone by the initial attacking unit from the Montreal College, they did play grand games.

"With about a minute to go the visitors were leading 6 to 5 and most of the fans were leaving, but they rushed right back to their seats when the fighting Navy lads tied the count and sent the game into overtime. Coach Bob Meagher used his second and third lines in the first part of the extra session, and this strategy helped win the game for his team because these six boys skated the seamen into the ice, and, when the Porteous' and Malone skated out, it looked bad for the tired homesteaders. Don Donovan, the rookie Loyola netminder, made a sensational save on a hard high shot and his defense cleared the disc up to the blue line where Malone picked it up and along with his linemates he started a rush towards the Navy cordage. By a smart passing play the trio worked into enemy territory and Rangy Dan, the tall smoothie, coasted in on the Tar janitor and made no mistake about nestling the rubber disc high in the netting. That was the game and the visitors did deserve their win because they were a lot fresher than the boys in blue during the last two periods.

"After the game: Jack McEachern was pressed into centre duties because of his fine passing. . . . Lloyd O'Toole and Paul Shaughnessy, the latter of football fame, played fine defensive games and along with Allan McDonald, Hutchings and Eddy Meagher helped keep the dangerous Navy snipers in check. Both teams showed good defenses with the Collegians sending out two tough pairs of rearguards in Bob Brodrick and George Morley, and Jack O'Neill and Leo Laflèche . . . a good goaler too in Don Donovan . . . Coach Bob Meagher said he wished he could have shown another smart forward, Jimmy O'Connor, but the kid, who looks and plays like his namesake Buddy, had to perform for the Junior Royals . . . All in all, a good team was the general opinion."

That was the extent of college hockey for 1943. Although the schedule was short it was a successful season and the efforts of Mr. McGinnis, S.J., and members of the athletic directorate were not in vain because they gave the College students a little diversion and they also set an example for next year's directors to follow and possibly enlarge upon.

BOB MEAGHER, '44.

* * *

1942 SENIOR RUGBY

COACHES Mr. Doyle, S.J., and Bob Brodrick headed the Senior Rugby charges, when they began the 1942 season in very late August. It took a good stretch of the imagination to call it football weather, as ole Sol blazed down day after day on an already sun-scorched field. But undaunted, those Loyola warriors of the nearing Interscholastic football feud braved the fiery prospect each day held for them, and gave themselves whole-heartedly to the drudgery of learning and practising the fundamentals of the game. Let it be added, moreover, that such learning and practising involved more than drudgery, as the writer was witness of many instances of well scraped elbows and sides, much of which was avoidable had these over-willing boys been adequately equipped. But the boys didn't complain. Maybe it was so, because they had a lot of confidence in their new Coach, and considered those many stinging scratches little indeed to pay for the successful season they felt was practically assured them. So the practice sessions went on uneventfully, and the two coaches worked to mold their pupils into a winning combination. Yet there was just one incident, which occurred about a week before the opening game: Larry Burns, a likely backfield prospect, was the first casualty of the new season, when he suffered a shoulder injury which put him on the side-lines for the entire season. This boy had the build and the speed of the ideal blocking back, whose need was very noticeable throughout the campaign. But the opening game is only a week away, and even football coaches must face the facts.

Before we come to the actual playing schedule, let us for a line or so recall the current year's squad.

In Dan Porteous, Paul Shaughnessy, Eddie Meagher, Jack O'Neill, Mike Asselin, John Boileau, and Pat Wickham, Loyola had a veteran line; Shaughnessy and Meagher were middles of two years' experience, and the same can be said of Asselin at snap; the others had at least one year of senior competition. Moreover, added to their experience these last mentioned had the size that was desired by every coach.



SENIOR FOOTBALL

Top: P. Bégin, R. Boyle, E. Langan. *Centre:* J. Paré, A. Colmenares.
Bottom: E. Meagher, A. Larrea, Mgr., J. McEachern.

THE TEAM: *Seated:* J. Lally, P. Shaughnessy, K. Kohler, R. Boyle, J. Boileau, E. Meagher, D. Porteous. *Kneeling:* L. Facella, E. Shatilla, R. Carrière, C. Malone, G. Driscoll, D. Bussière, P. Ready, P. Bégin. *Standing:* Mr. T. Doyle, S.J., Coach, A. Larrea, Mgr., C. Brown, W. McCarney, H. Dansereau, K. McCarney, J. Paré, H. Macrae, J. Tous, J. Callaghan, L. Lebrun, T. Seasons, Capt.

When reviewing the rest of the line material on the eve of the season, one was not inclined to be optimistic, since most of the boys were on the senior squad for the first time. Yet, because of the number of veterans available, Loyola's 1942 line looked like as good as the best our opponents could field.

Among the backfield material were seven veterans of last year's wars, all of them better for the experience, and two, Red Seasons and Frank Porteous, were ball-carriers with two years running in senior company, while the former was a seasoned field general to boot. These seven, however, were not to be intact for long, for fleet-footed Cliff Malone sustained a serious injury in a practice session shortly after the opening game, and was lost to the team until the final game with Catholic High; while another experienced back, Ed Shatilla, was hampered throughout the season with leg injuries.

The other backfield candidates were all untried, and the loss of Larry Burns was already mentioned. Don Bussière, Joe Colmenares, Hector McCrae, Mickey Carrière, and Greg Driscoll comprised the new talent; Bussière and Colmenares showed themselves capable footballers in the junior section, the former having the desirable qualification of being a good kicker. However, it was questioned if he had the stamina for this higher rung of competition. Fortunately for Loyola that question proved groundless.

So there was a fair quota of experienced backs, and these, along with those sure-fire linemen already mentioned, made the team's possibilities highly promising. But the day of the opening game with Catholic High nears, and with it comes the clash with the opposition, from which we will learn the things we can as yet only conjecture.

Loyola lost its opening game to the Black and White two rouges to one. The game was played on a fast field, with brisk weather, which failed, however, to influence either side in its efforts at a pay-dirt offensive. Don Bussière in the halfback post managed to get away on at least one long scamper, while Red Seasons accomplished about an equal amount of ground-gaining. Our only score came near the close of the second quarter, when Bussière kicked over the enemy dead line, after Seasons had set up the scoring kick by completing a pass to Fred Langan on Catholic's 25-yard line. The half ended with Maroon and White ahead. This lead was promptly wiped out by the visitors in the third quarter with Gelineau kicking over Loyola's dead line from the latter's 38-yard line, to which spot the same Gelineau had toted the ball on a 33-yard pass play. The game thereafter was deadlocked until the last play. Quarterback Seasons lost track of downs and elected to run on the third down. Though the play brought yardage, it was short of a first down, and Catholic took over on the opportune Loyola 24. Gelineau called the logical play in quick order, and proceeded to punt over the dead line for the clinching counter.

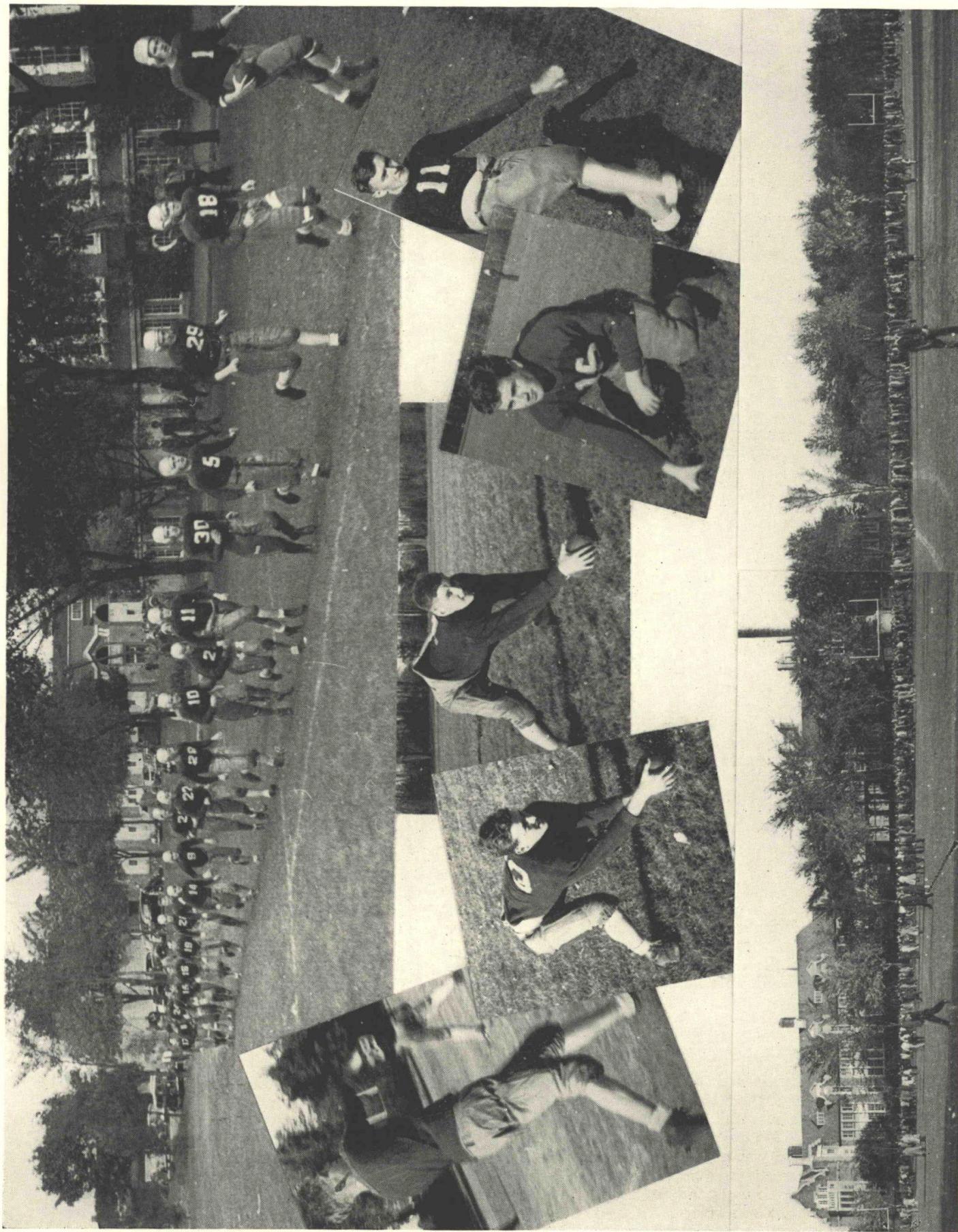
The statistics of the game indicated more accurately than the actual score the comparative strength of these two contenders for the championship: both teams made five first downs. Neither club showed anything but a defense, yet the finished records of the two teams showed that Catholic developed a point-getting offensive to bolster a moderately good defense, while Loyola failed to complement her adequate defending power with the all-important offensive game. In Bussière and Seasons it had two top-flight running backs; Bussière showed in the opening game as well as in the succeeding ones that he must be ranked with the best backs in the city, while Seasons was a finished running back, as anyone who watched his nimble-footed jaunts will say.

In the final Catholic High game Loyola only made two as against seven first downs for the Black and White, the final score of game—20 to 5. However, a procession of telling factors was the real reason for Loyola's disparaging showing against the league leaders in the last game.

The Loyola line, which kept the Catholic High team from penetrating its 20-yard line, showed itself even stronger in the following game against D'Arcy McGee High. Except for one instant when McGee halfback Szita broke into the clear for a jaunt to Loyola's 30, the home team dominated the play throughout, and at the final whistle led 9 to 0. Paul Shaughnessy, Frank Porteous, Red Seasons, Dan Porteous, and Joe Colmenares figured in the scoring. Big Paul alone was too much for McGee that bright Sunday afternoon, for this youngest of a long line of stalwart athletes repeatedly trapped the enemy ball-carriers behind their own line of scrimmage, while blocking several kicks; one of these Paul dribbled some fifty yards down field before the ball became dead on McGee's 6-yard line. At this spot the Maroon tried an end sweep which netted a negligible gain. On the next play, however, Joe Colmenares found the

SENIOR FOOTBALL

Centre: Frank Porteous, Mike Asselin, Charlie Brown, Jack O'Neil, Don Bussière. *Bottom:* The crowd leaving after the West Hill game.



big gap in the defensive line, which his comrades up front made for him, and crossed for the only major of the day. Captain Seasons then proceeded to fake a placement and pass smartly to end Porteous for the conversion. Earlier in the game a Loyola drive brought the ball to the McGee 20; Seasons' attempted field goal was blocked, but a few minutes later his mates garnered another point, when the big line charged through once again to block Langill's kick. The loose ball was recovered by a McGee player behind his own goal line, where the Loyola tacklers downed him. The third rouge of this game was scored by Frank Porteous, who took over the signal-calling post from Seasons.

In this second game Loyola's offensive was decidedly improved, though the defensive play of the line was really the winning factor. Just for a short space McGee worked a puzzling, ground-gaining end play. They confined this play to the right side, and Dan Porteous diagnosed the play in short order, though not before it had turned his end for several good gains.

In these first two games coaches Mr. Doyle and Bob Brodrick had worked every man on the squad, and well they did so, for in the course of the remaining games, many of the new men had to take over first string positions, when the harvesting expedition, which worked havoc with High School football, took away five regulars—Jack O'Neill, Mike Asselin, Pat Wickham, Frank Porteous, Jack McEachern, and the team's manager, Jimmy O'Connor.

In the second encounter with McGee, the Loyola line carried a bigger burden than ever in stopping a rejuvenated McGee team, which constantly menaced our goal line, and was as constantly thrown back. I say the line carried a larger burden than ever, because the Loyola attack was pitifully weak, though the Maroon backs, with Bussière and Lebrun bearing the brunt, notched six first downs against McGee's seven. Paul Shaughnessy continued his standout play at the middle post, and it was after his block of a McGee kick, that Don Bussière scored the only point of the game. This was a superb kick from his own 42 beyond the enemy deadline, another sample of the exceptional kicking Don provided all season. In every game this yearling of the seniors came through with punts that not only carried on an average of forty-five yards, but usually rolled out of bounds after netting this distance, thus preventing any return of the kick. And the fact that this team went through the season without one of their kicks blocked by the opposition, is another proof of the digging-in prowess of the line. One of these diggers, Eddie Meagher, for the third year now did a competent job in the left middle position and all around team play, and so when a vacancy occurred at the signal-calling post, it wasn't surprising that Eddie got the call to fill it.

A novel feature of this game was the newly installed loud-speaker. Peter Shaughnessy, United States Navy Reserve, was on a week-end leave from his station at the Great Lakes Naval Base, and occupied himself for a space of that leave at his Alma Mater by accommodating the spectators to an expert commentary of the current proceedings.

The Seniors' third tilt saw them meet the West Hill Raiders in their annual Thanksgiving Day game. The largest crowd of the season witnessed the operations that resulted in a decisive defeat against the Maroons. West Hill scored 23 points, while white-washing the home team; seventeen of these were scored in the second half. The warriors stopped West Hill's ground-gaining dreadnought completely for the entire first half, and the Big Red had to resort to a long aerial, McQueston to Harvey, to gain their lone first half score. A second enemy touchdown was chalked up by the same Harvey, when he intercepted a Loyola pass, and scampered some thirty yards across the double line stripe. West Hill's other two major scores came after sustained ground marches; these withering thrusts finally wore down the hitherto stiff resistance of a valiant Loyola line. Halfback Morris drove from the ten after one of these marches, and another halfback, Vincelli, duplicated Morris' major on a like smash, this one, too, culminating a succession of first downs via the ground route.

Loyola threatened on several occasions, but always lacked the sustaining power of the visitors. Two of their sixteen attempted aerials netted them first downs, and there were also several flashes of running power: halfback Bussière succeeded in sweeping West Hill's end for considerable gains on two occasions, while returning a Harvey punt from behind his own goal line for some fifty yards before being knocked out of bounds. Hard-running Joe Colmenares treated the spectators to an electrifying 46-yard return of another Harvey kick. Joe, along with Red Seasons, were the standout secondary defenders in this fray; several times Red was the only Maroon between the enemy ball-carrier and our goal line; Joe, moreover, stopped numerous Raiders' thrusts by grand backing-up. The entire team stood up courageously against a team

noted for its steam-rolling football; Dan Porteous especially continued the spectacular end play he showed from the opening game, and took a severe beating in his efforts to cut down the enemy's blocking onslaught. Fortunately some days intervened before the team's next game, for they needed a few extra days to recuperate from a manly mauling.

Four days after the West Hill battle Loyola was scheduled to play Westmount High, but this game didn't materialize, as Westmount withdrew from competition, when the already mentioned harvesting expedition riddled its squad with wholesale vacancies. So our boys had a lot of time to get ready for a crucial game with Montreal High. They had to win this game to stay in the race, and to win against a team that had just thrown a scare into the unbeaten and highly touted West Hill team, which barely nosed out the Montreal charges by a scant touchdown. So Loyola had a better than usual Montreal High team to beat when they met on the McGill campus.

I would say the warriors hit their season's offensive peak when they turned back the Montreal High gridmen 9 to 0. At the outset of the game the boys promptly reeled off two first downs. Lou Lebrun, lately converted from inside position into a halfback, smashed through the middle time after time for considerable gains. This boy dug in as soon as he got the ball and ran as though shot from a cannon. The uncovering of this back was timely, indeed, as the available number of backs had dwindled fast due to injuries, and, once again, the harvesting excursion. In this same game the team was to lose another back, Fred Langan, when he suffered a back injury that kept him out of play for the rest of the season.

But Loyola won that crucial game, though the opposition was a constant threat in the final quarter, as they surged down the field in a frantic bid for scores. The Loyola line, however, was more adamant than ever, and twice when the enemy penetrated their 10-yard line roared back furiously to foil score-aiming thrusts. Flyingwing Ed. Langan thrilled the fans with a fine run-back of a kick-off, when he took the ball on a reverse from Bussière and skirted some forty yards before Montreal tacklers drove him out of bounds. Don, moreover, put on another exhibition of excellent kicking, which got his mates out of the danger zone on at least one occasion, while garnering the initial point by a rouge kick, and making a second when he converted after Lebrun carried over for a major. Red Seasons was lost to the team after this game, and he went out of High School competition by turning in his typically smart game as field general, besides throwing the pass to Bussière, which set the stage for Lebrun's score. Don took the ball while encircled by a host of Montreal men, twisted himself from their grasp, and proceeded to put on a sparkling broken-field running exhibition that was only halted at the 6-yard marker. Lebrun catapulted over that spot.

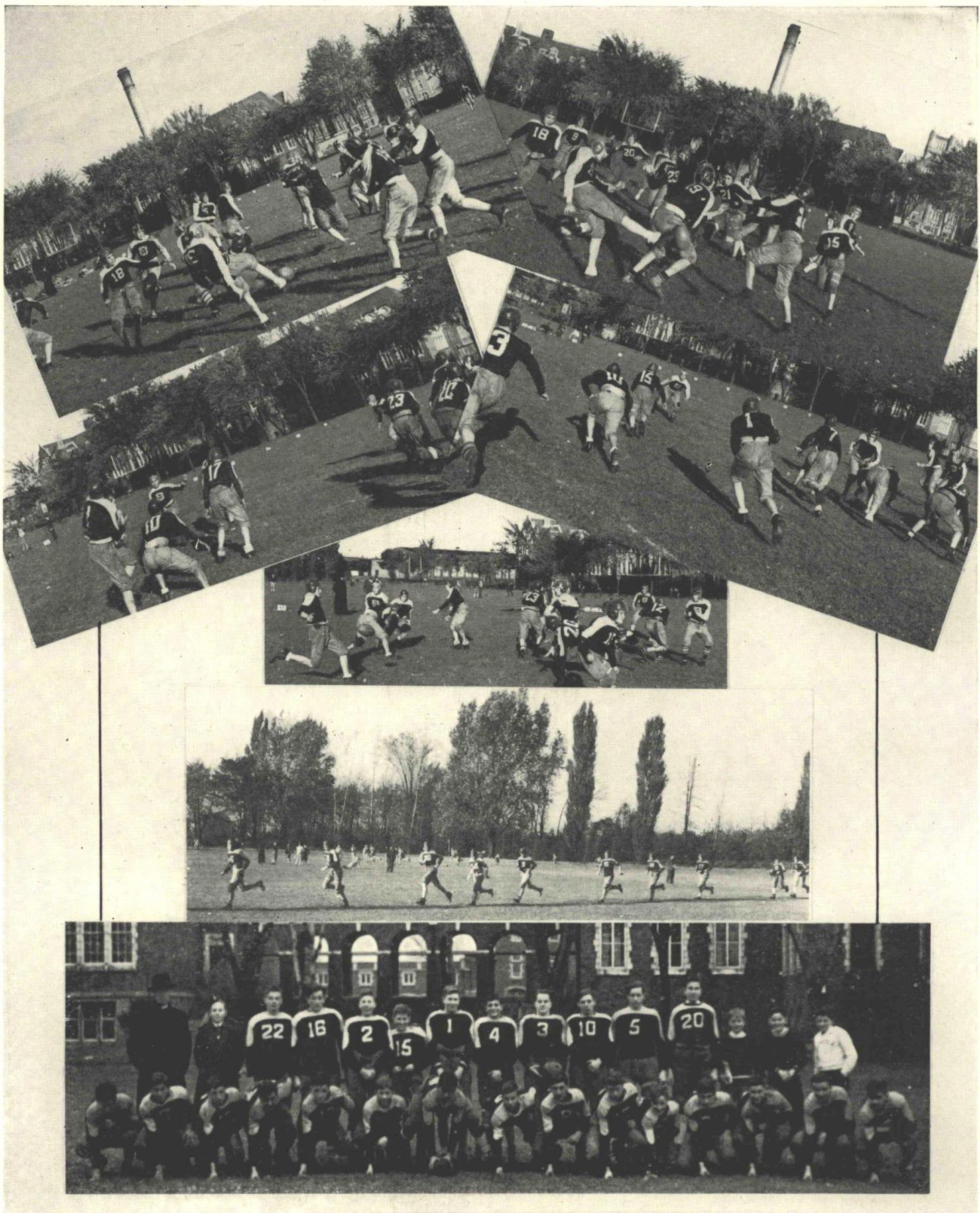
We already touched on the games with McGee and Catholic High, which followed this victory over Montreal High. McGee was just nosed out, and a win over Catholic would give the boys a tie for the league lead. But that win wasn't in the books, for, to repeat, the Maroon and White went down to a 20 to 5 defeat.

* * *

JUNIOR RUGBY

AS the 1942 season drew to a close, a rather gloomy and unconvinced Junior team packed away cleats for another year. The gloom is easily accounted for. Once again a championship had slipped through their fingers to a team they should have beaten or at least tied for League honors. Of this everyone, from the coach down to the last waterboy, was convinced. Moaning about past disasters, however, never did any good, so let's just take a quick look at the lads who made up the 1942 Junior squad.

Mr. Toppings was appointed coach and the day after school started called the first practice. About twenty answered the call. This number soon jumped to thirty where it stayed for the rest of the season. After strenuous P.T. workouts and chalk talks, equipment was donned. All plays worked from the American T formation and really it was a treat to watch the deception and smoothness in action.



JUNIOR FOOTBALL

THE TEAM: *Kneeling:* F. Mateu, G. Emblem, T. Bonner, R. Paquin, M. Cashin, E. Rooney, F. McKinney, P. Norris, J. Lavigne, P. Cutler, E. O'Brien, W. O'Leary, E. Mullin, J. Meagher, R. Perras. *Standing:* Mr. J. Toppings, S.J., Coach, J. Leahy, Mgr., R. Macdonald, P. Rodrigue, J. Duffy, J. Kieran, K. English, R. Sutherland, S. Davidson, R. Andrews, A. Anetzberger, A. Wickham, R. Clayton, John Dunn, J. O'Malley, Waterboys.

It was easy to see from the very first workout that everyone was scrapping for a place, and by the time the first game rolled around against McGee all were anxious for the test. Before we go any further, introductions are in order. Popular Keith English was chosen captain. It might be truly said that the team went pretty much as Keith went. His work as signal-calling fullback brought out some of the cleverest playmaking in these parts. His easy stride and heady change of pace were commented on by no less an authority than Mr. Frank Shaughnessy. With Keith in the backfield were Sammy Davidson, Hank Tous, Albert Anetzberger and Johnny Kieran. Sam was easily the hardest-hitting back in the League. No one will forget the day he ripped through from his own forty to the opponent's ten-yard line and then put the ball over on the next down for a major score. If there were an award for the best all-round Junior, it would certainly go to Hank Tous. In his first year at the game Hank learned easily and quickly what he was supposed to do and he did it with a vengeance. He was in on the majority of tackles from the very first whistle and, when he started on one of his galloping drives, it generally took two or three tacklers to bring him down. In the last game of the year he was hurt in the first few minutes. At the end of the quarter he came in, asking for a short rest. He was kept on the bench and after the game it was found that he had a broken shoulder. Every team has a specialist of some sort or other. We had one in Albert Anetzberger, our drop and placement kicker. Unlike most other specialists who are not much good at anything else Albert played a hard-hitting two-way game at Flying Wing. We shall always remember the afternoon he kicked his thirty-eight yard placement. Not bad for a fifteen-year-old. Watch him this Fall. He got them over from forty-six yards out in practice. Johnny Kieran fought his way from second string Flying Wing to the regular quarterback spot. Small but full of grit, John just would not be kept off the first team.

Our backfield would not have done as well as it did were it not for the splendid protection given it by the front line. Co-captain Dave Dohan lived up to all the predictions made about him last year, and we are sure that if pneumonia had not sent him to the sidelines the Junior High trophy would be ours. The absence of his quiet fighting way caused a letdown in those last two games when we held our rivals to two points but could not put across a score ourselves. His mate at middle was easy-going Tom Bonner. Many a time Tom slashed through for long gains and hard tackles and with someone to drive him a little harder he will soon be reminding us of some of the former "greats" who once wore the Maroon and White so nobly. At end were Johnny Meagher and Freddy Mateu, Gordon Emblem and Leslie Stewart. This was Freddy's first year at the game, but his natural hard-hitting way attracted attention from the very first workout. Gordie and Les came up from the Bantams and the knife-like thrusts into opponent's territory that Pete Shaughnessy had drilled them in, spelled ruin for many a play before it got started. Johnny, the team's veteran, played practically every position before the season ended. A smart tackler, a smooth passer and a good ball carrier, the lad with the flaming red flannels was the answer to many of the coach's prayers. Knowing every other assignment as well as his own, he was able to step in and do a good job anywhere.

Frank McKinney, Teddy Rooney and Pat Norris looked after the centre of the line and made up for lack of heft by lots of fight. Generally the snap and the inside wings receive an abundance of blame and little praise, but the admirable showing of this trio and that of Mike Cashin, Art Wickham, Roger Paquin and Jake Lavigne calls forth nothing but plaudits from this reviewer's stand. Beginning with little experience, they could have forced their way on to any All-Star aggregation the League might have chosen at the end of the season.

Ronnie Sutherland and Bob Perras both played the quarterback position with considerable smoothness. On the defence they made many a sprightly tackle and helped remove the worries a coach always has about his secondary. Their never-ceasing chatter that included puns and cracks of ancient vintage helped team spirit a good deal. Joe Duffy, Maurice LaLiberté and Ronny Macdonald were understudies for the Big Three mentioned at the beginning. Joe heroically filled in at a position that was new to him and not altogether to his liking and did extremely well every time he was called upon. Ronny and Moe have another year in Junior ranks and on the strength of their wonderful performances in the last few games we do not think we are going out on a limb when we predict great things for these lads in 1943.

No we are not finished yet. In singing the praises of Dave Dohan and Tom Bonner we slipped by their understudies more easily, let us assure you, than any rival did all season. We



give you Silent Jeff Staunton and "Let's get 'em gang" Emmett Mullin. Very different in temperament they combined very often as the season wore on to provide some grand spectacles of attack and defence. Jeff took over Dave Dohan's position when he was forced out and justified every bit of confidence placed in him. Emmett showed his real worth the day our Seconds played St. Willibrord's by tearing through for two touches. Eddy O'Brien, Pete Cutler, Bill O'Leary, Bob Andrews and Paul Comeau round out the roster. Lack of weight and inexperience prevented these men from getting into all the games, but their fidelity to practice and their eagerness to learn made us proud to have them with us.

Time and space do not permit us to prolong this account so until next year when we hope we shall have you with us again, so long.

JAMES LEAHY, H.S. '43, Manager.

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BANTAM FOOTBALL

"**W**ELL, Coach, I'll bet you're glad the season's over."

"Yes and no, Joe. We didn't make the headlines, but I think we've turned out some good Football material. Experience is what we needed and that's what we got."

"That was a perfect touchdown Murray ran against Willibrord's, wasn't it, Father?"

"And it isn't the first time he's done it either. Murray was the key man in our best play—the power end run. With a strong interference provided by Pelton, Power, Finlayson and Malone, the play worked every time."

"Tommy Brown is no slow-poke either, Father. Remember his famous 85-yd. gain?"

"I surely do, Joe. It's my honest opinion that Tom plus a few more years and pounds will turn out a first-class backfielder."

"'Sparkie' Pelton makes the perfect Captain, doesn't he, Father? He never gets excited."

"Yes, besides sharing honors with Paul O'Neill in punting and passing, Bill could always be counted on in a pinch to do the right thing. I would say he was the coolest player on the field."

"Say, couldn't Paul Gallagher hit those big 'bruisers' low!"

"For the lightest player in the League, Paul proved himself a little howitzer on the Loyola defense. The bigger they were the better he tackled them. Facella, Marchessault, Thornton, Kohler and Clayton were also outstanding for their hard-hitting tackles."

"Did you think much of our linemen, Father?"

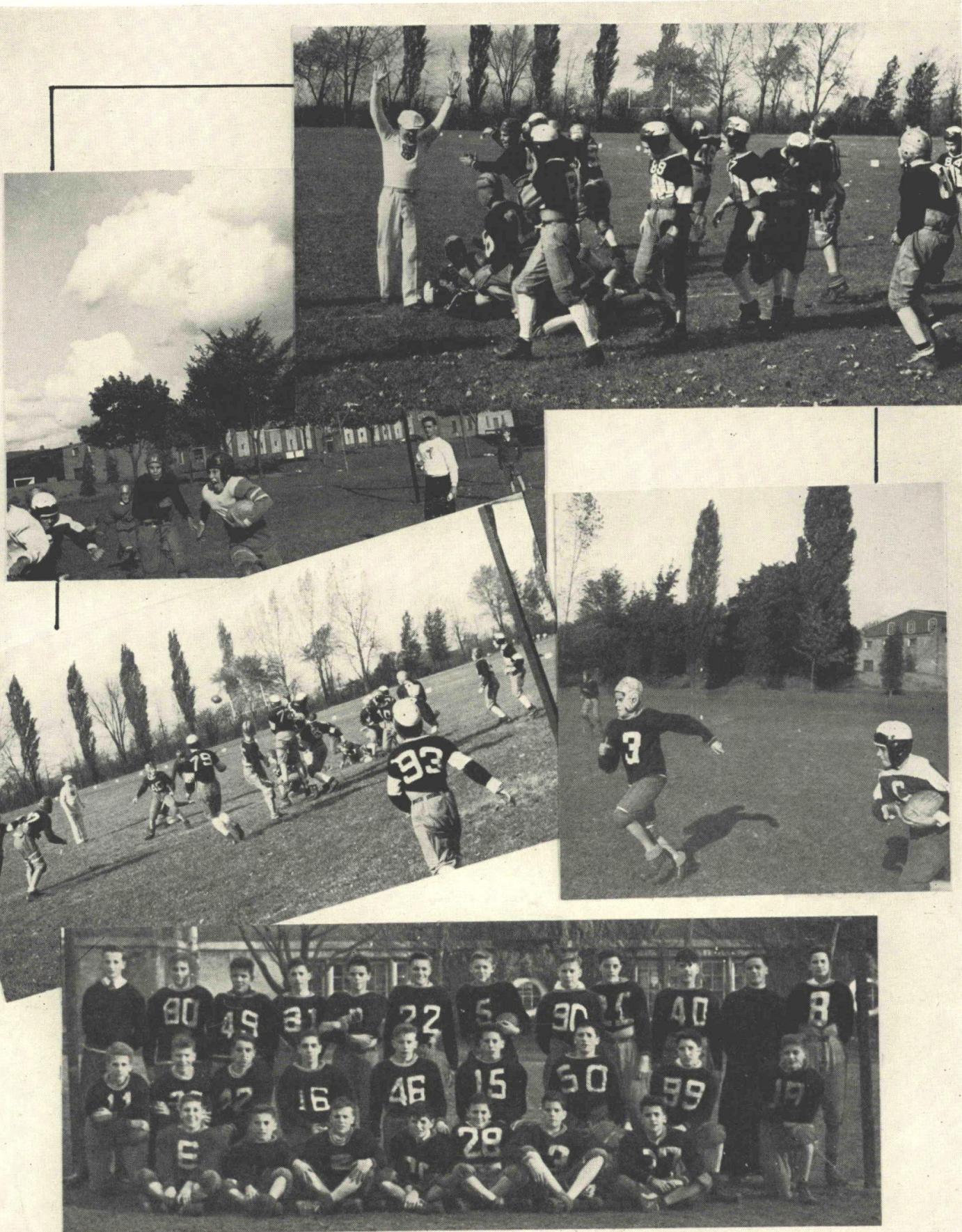
"I guess our opponents could answer that better than I. However, I must say that Jack 'Creampuff' Danaher, Herb 'Horse' Morel, George Morissette, Albert Gilmore, Frank Wickham, though they did not begin with any burst of brilliance, soon picked up the fundamentals of blocking and plunging. The way they gave our punter plenty of protection and opened perfect holes for Hughie Power's fast hard plunges more than prove it."

"All in all, Father, you must have enjoyed your season's work with them."

"That I did, Joe, thanks in great part to Gerald Rowan, our efficient manager. A spunkier, cleaner-cut crew of youngsters I've never seen."

"Well Father, so long and thanks for the information. I am sure you will one day see your Bantams, as Juniors or Seniors, lead the Maroon and White to triumphant and glorious history."

JOSEPH DI CLEMENTI, H.S. '47.



BANTAM FOOTBALL

THE TEAM: Seated: N. Dodge, P. Gallagher, T. Brown, B. O'Neill, H. Punt, W. Baril. Kneeling: J. Gutelius, R. Marchessault, C. Kohler, F. Facella, B. Murray, P. Asselin, P. O'Neill, R. Finlayson, M. Malone. Standing: G. Rowan, Mgr., F. Wickham, A. Gilmore, R. Thornton, D. Paré, J. Clayton, W. Pelton, Capt., H. Power, H. Morel, J. Danaher, Mr. P. Ambrosie, S.J., Coach, G. Morissette.



SENIOR HIGH HOCKEY

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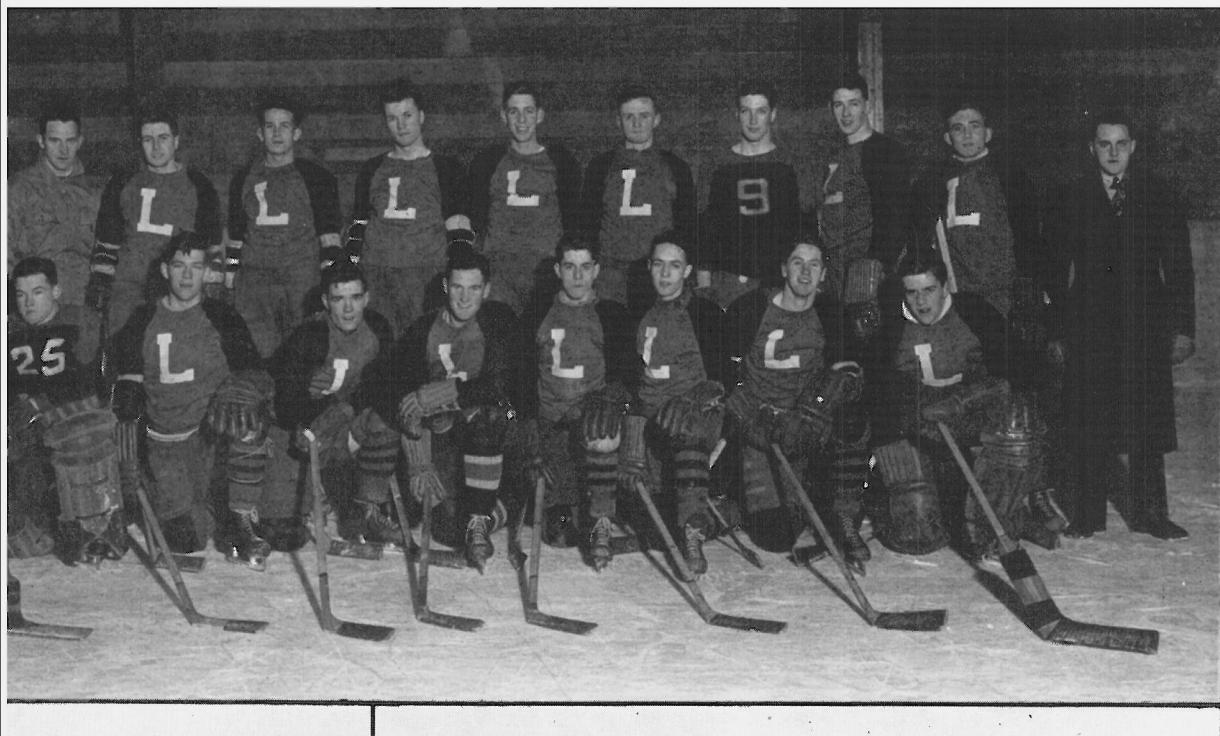
HE three thousand people who saw Leo Carroll's Senior High Hockey outfit eliminated in the extra game of a total goal playoff will bear witness to the fact that when the time came for our hockeyists to make their exit, it was prolonged to such an extent that the possibility of the Maroon and White meeting the championship Westhill squad of the Protestant section was great. However, a 4 to 3 count suffered at the hands of Catholic High after a stormy three-game series, in which Loyola came from behind in the second game to put matters on an equal basis at 3 to 3, saw the elimination of Carroll's sextet and the subsequent entry of the Black and White into the city finals.

As was expected in pre-season masterminding, the main obstacle in the path of the outfit was Catholic High. This factor, together with the problem of filling the shoes of a number of graduates with a handful of rookies, faced Leo Carroll at the beginning of the season. Val Chartier was working for the Ferry Command, thus necessitating the discovery of a new goaltender. Don Donovan of Freshman, whose only experience in the line of goaling was in the High School Intra-Mural Loop, came along, impressed Coach Carroll to such a degree that he ousted three rivals and found himself in charge of the cordage. Jack O'Neill and Jack McEachern, seasoned stalwarts along the blue line, together with Eddie Meagher and John Boileau formed the defense. Up front the big line of Red Seasons and Dan and Frank Porteous was still eligible for senior play and, as was expected, carried the brunt of the attack throughout the season. From the Juniors came Cliff Malone who fitted in nicely between Owen Maloney and Don Bussière who had also graduated from the ranks of the Juniors. Ed Langan, Allan Burns and Ernie McConomy, two of whom were holdovers from last year's squad, formed the third line.

The question of a strong aggregation did not present itself, but rather the interrogation of "How strong will our team be compared with Catholic High?" On comparing the 1943 edition of the Seniors with its predecessors nothing but favorable results could be obtained. We had a rookie in the nets replacing a veteran, objected some. The difference was sure to make itself evident there. Coach Carroll shook his head and professed for the umpteenth time his faith in Don Donovan. The first time Donovan was on display showed that Carroll was right all the way in his predictions. McEachern and O'Neill couldn't be topped as a rib shaking blue line duet. Five seasons of wearing the Maroon and White in the hockey wars had proved that when the chips were down the two Jacks could be relied on. Again, predictions were true. As substitutes on defense, Coach Carroll had Eddie Meagher from Father McGarry's Juniors of 1942, and John Boileau, a senior holdover. Meagher, vastly improved in his skating, proved himself effective not only on defense but up front too, where he was pressed into service during the last two games of the season. Boileau, who limits his hockey to blocking rather than puck carrying, played his most effective game during the early part of the season and turned out to be "Old Reliable" himself.

The only point, therefore, which could possibly have provided the cause of worried brows around the Carroll clan was the capabilities of his forwards. Ability certainly wasn't lacking. But were the boys fast enough to keep up with the high flying Morenz and Petit and Lilley? Could brain work win out over speed? The answer was not long in coming. With the possible exceptions of Dan Porteous and Cliff Malone our forwards were skated into the ice during the season's opening two encounters with Catholic High and 6 to 3 and 5 to 3 victories were chalked up against us. There was no doubt whatever that the Black and White victories were well earned, but certainly veterans like Seasons, Frank Porteous, Owen Maloney and Ed Langan had to come into their own sometime.

The four games in which the Double Blue of McGee were humbled by our men in Maroon served as the springboard which sprung us to bewildering glory when Catholic High were taken into camp in the final two encounters of regular League play to the tunes of 3 to 2 and 5 to 1. Going into the first of these games with nothing to lose and everything to gain by a win, the Carroll clan's passing began to click, the clearing of the defense adopted a smoother appearance and as a result the cry around Loyola changed from: "Well, I guess that's as far as we'll go this season" to "All we have to do is win Sunday and we'll force a tie for first place." It is needless



SENIORS

Kneeling: J. Lally, J. McEachern, E. Langan, A. Burns, E. McCconomy, O. Maloney, T. Seasons, D. Donovan.

Standing: Mr. Leo Carroll, Coach, J. O'Neill, C. Malone, E. Meagher, F. Porteous, D. Bussière, P. Shaughnessy, D. Porteous, J. Boileau, R. Boyle, Mgr.

JUNIORS

Mr. J. Toppings, S.J., *Coach*, S. Dequoy, R. Paquin, G. Payette, E. Mullin, J. Leahy, V. Amengual, R. Sutherland, G. Rioux, D. Maclean, J. Meagher, J. Callaghan, K. English, G. Rowan.



BANTAMS

Kneeling: N. Dodge, F. O'Shaughnessy, H. Tous, J. Desrosiers, J. Di Clementi, R. Marchessault, J. Berlinguette, B. O'Neill, P. O'Neill, R. Thornton.

Standing: J. Bureau, E. Nevin, K. McCabe, P. Rodrigue, W. Pelton, J. Danaher, R. MacDonald, J. Clayton, A. Gilmore, Mr. P. Ambrosie, S.J., Coach.

to remark at this point that in the face of overwhelming odds, Cliff Malone sparked his team mates to their second win of the week-end over the Black and White with a pair of goals. After this 8 to 3 count against Brother Paul's aggregation in the space of three days there remained but two games against the Double Blue to put a stop to our race for the Interscholastic play-off which would result from a tie for first place. The big line of Seasons and the Porteous brothers were mainly responsible for the 5 to 2 and 6 to 0 shellackings which the Pine Avenue boys received. Now all eyes were turned on Catholic High once more and hopes were high that our unbeaten streak, which had been run up to six consecutive games, would be continued.

The superb netminding of Jack Gelineau of Catholic High saw us suffer a 2 to 0 loss in the opener of the two-game total-goal playoff. The more Porteous, Malone and clan pestered the cool goalie the more sensational he became, it seemed. While Gelineau was rising to such heights in the Black and White nets, Bert Lilley and Jack Morrow found two opportunities to humble Don Donovan who, though shaded by his rival netminder, was turning in a steady game for the Carrollites. The only result of this encounter was, as far as we were concerned, the knowledge that Gelineau couldn't be that terrific twice in a row. The newly formed line of Cliff Malone and the Porteous brothers proved that their surmisals, as far as Gelineau was concerned, were correct when they each rapped home a goal to set Catholic High back on their heels to the tune of 3 to 1 and end the total goal series at 3 to 3. The site of the third game, which was thus necessitated, was decided by the toss of a coin, and the following week saw us back at the Forum for the be-all and the end-all of Interscholastic hockey.

It is needless to go into delayed raptures over this fixture. Let it suffice to quote the Montreal Gazette: "Loyola took an early lead when McEconomy sailed one past Jack Gelineau. Lilley soon tied things up in the second . . . and again made a scoring effort a few minutes later, Joe Petit putting Brother Paul's boys in the lead for the fourth time during the series 2 to 1. Toward the end of the middle stanza Loyola came back with all the fight it has shown in its previous games. The Porteous brothers and Cliff Malone began driving shots at Gelineau as well as successfully breaking up Black and White rushes on the Loyola net, but failed to tally before the period ended. Going into the last frame Howie Morenz sent C.H.S.'s third goal past Donovan . . . but the Loyola machine again gained momentum and smooth skating Dan Porteous tied up the game and the series on a solo. With Seasons and Morenz off, Lilley grabbed a loose puck, drilling a shot past Donovan for the winning tally."

From the accounts given above it is evident that the problem of slower, headier forwards versus fast skating wingmen which confronted Leo Carroll at the beginning of the season was solved to a more than satisfactory degree. Players of the Seasons and Maloney type had to rely on their head work rather than foot work to get the jump on flyers of the Lilley calibre. Smoothly clicking passing plays by Seasons and Maloney as centremen, with faster wings as Dan Porteous and Cliff Malone capitalizing, proved the answer to Catholic High. The fact that Dan Porteous, brother Frank, Seasons and Maloney finished the schedule in second, third, fourth and fifth positions respectively in the scoring race is ample indication of how successful the Carroll strategy was. Further honors were conferred on hard working Frank Porteous when he was selected as right winger on Glen Brown's City All-Star team. Though by no means recognized officially, the brain child of Brown serves as evidence to the fact that Loyola could not be overlooked when the question of first rate playing material arose. The possibilities of Seasons, Malone and Dangling Dan on any man's All-Star selection are also great.

So the Seniors bowed out gracefully 4 to 3. There was certainly no disgrace or crying over spilt milk about their rather delayed exit. Rather, many of the more placid minded among us were rudely awakened to the fact that public opinion is often a very erroneous individual. Don Donovan, surprise of the year; the jolting Jacks on the blue line; versatile Eddie Meagher; hard hitting John Boileau; smoothies Dan Porteous, Cliff Malone and Red Seasons; underrated Frank Porteous; brainy Owen Maloney and Don Bussière; Ed Langan of the booming shot; Ernie McEconomy whose timely goal in the final encounter with C.H.S. started us on the road to that 4 to 3 loss; newcomer Allan Burns, from whom much is expected in 1944, and hard working Paul Shaughnessy proved, not only to this observer but to all Loyola's followers, that the game isn't over until the final whistle and that the famed Loyola fight, as the Gazette so aptly puts it, is still very much in evidence.

BOB MEAGHER, '44.

BANTAM HOCKEY

COACHES and generals have their problems. To whittle down an irrepressible army of exuberant hockey aspirants to the right size presents more difficulties than the mobilization of a trained army. For Bantam football there was a modest turnout of sixty. The first Bantam hockey practice drew ninety. You couldn't see the pucksters for the youngsters. That was in November. By the opening of the season in January we were eighteen. The end of the schedule saw us frozen in second place. Why this team—the stuff from which stars are made—failed to clinch the Bantam championship will remain one of those proverbially unknown x's.

Here's how we stood. Out of ten league games we lost three—two of them due to the proverbial "bad break"—tied one and won six. Not a bad showing.

It's hard to single out the star performers. Everyone was a determined fighter to the last whistle. Ronnie Mac's dangerous breakaways nearly always left their mark, either on the score board or on the opposing goalie. Among our speed aces were Berlinguette, Desrosiers and Marchessault. Hank Tous and Ronnie, "Smiley" Rodrigue and Clayton proved veritable bulwarks on the defense. Midget Normie "Tub" Dodge and Mighty Mite Joe Di Clementi made up for their lack of inches and pounds by their clever stickhandling, frequently leaving bigger and dazed opponents chasing a phantom puck. Goalie Gilmore and "Shut-out Shag" O'Shaughnessy shared the honors of net guardians. Capt. "Sparkie" Pelton, despite a severe injury came back fighting to take more. Paul O'Neill, Bob Thornton, Ricky Nevin, Kev McCabe, Jacques Bureau—all exhibited plenty of that never-say-die spirit, the special prerogative of Bantams. To Brian "Kid" O'Neill, a hearty Thank You for faithful fulfilment of managerial duties.

A final tribute. These lads were good winners, but even better losers. To everyone of them I raise my hat. "I'm happy to have coached you, boys."

PETER J. AMBROSIE, S.J.

* * *

A Loyola Boy

*Jimmy comes home at night feeling pretty fine;
If supper isn't ready, he rests a little time,
After supper's over, he's quickly out to play,
But after a while he hears his mother say:
"It's time to do your homework; you'd better hurry up!"
So he comes in a hurry with his tiny little pup.
Latin, French, English . . . where shall we start?
I'd better put the lights on; it's getting pretty dark.
When finally he gets started, and really goes to work,
Guess what happens? His pen begins to squirt.
After three hours the moon, not the sun,
Beams from the heavens on a job hardly done.
But, Jimmy, none the less, is pretty glad,
Since he's smarter than some other lads.
Then when it's time to go off to bed,
He always makes sure his prayers are said.
Going to school the next day, his heart's full of joy,
But no one wonders, 'cause he's a Loyola boy.*

PATRICK BROPHY, H.S. '46.



TOUCH FOOTBALL IN FULL SWING



Top: John O'Malley on guard à la Eskimo. Earl LeSage, Fred Meagher and Eddie Gallagher at 'break', Arthur Wickham waiting for more homework.

Bottom: Nelson Paige and views of the Loyola plane.



Top left: R. Colmenares vs. C. Strachan, W.H.S., J. McGuckin, G.B.C., Johnny Greco and V. Amengual, A. Colmenares vs. J. Davies, G.B.C.

Upper left: E. Rooney vs. Dempsey, St. Dominic's, Briscoe, St.W. vs. Tom Brown.

THE SQUAD: *Kneeling:* E. Rooney, D. Berryman, R. Clayton, L. Amengual, P. Gallagher, T. Brown, V. Connolly, C. Butler. *Standing:* M. Hennessy, Coach, R. Macdonald, V. Amengual, R. Colmenares, Babe McLeod, Coach, L. Brennan, A. Colmenares, A. Anetzberger.

Bottom left: V. Amengual vs. J. McGuckin, Griffintown Boys' Club, Hal Cullain, M. Hennessy—L. Amengual vs. J. Flanagan, St. Willibrord's.



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